JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 1, 1932

WE NEEDN'T BE POOR. By LORD MELCHETT. SEE PAGE 9.

TWOPENCE
Vol. LII.
1372.

# JOHN BULL

"STAMBOUL? *Why, we get Stamboul any time since we've had those Exide and Drydex Batteries. Wonderfully clear too.*"

Exide AND Drydex

*Exide Batteries for wireless low tension and high tension. Drydex Dry Batteries for wireless high tension and grid bias. Also for torches, cycle lamps and bells.*

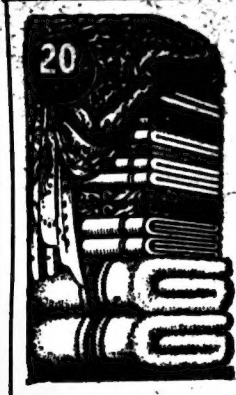
BATTERIES FOR WIRELESS

P3

*Give your car an Exide too—and when you want to start*—START!

**Exide Wireless Batteries are used in nine out of every ten British Ships.** From Exide Service Stations and all reputable dealers.

Exide Batteries, Exide Works, Clifton Junction, near Manchester. Branches at London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast.



## QUILTS FREE!

*This excellent bale direct from our Mills carr. free for only 30/- cash or C.O.D.*

2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 Soft-as-a-Woolly Blankets
2 Fine Lawn Pillow Slips
1 White Cotton Bolster Case
1 Hand-darned Bedspread
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Linen-finished Table Cloth
1 Decorated Cushion Cover
2 Chenille Polishing Cloths
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs

*ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.*

A handsome

**WADDED DOWN QUILT**

*given free with each bale.*

*Also a pair of Art. Silk Hose if cash with order.*

*Money back if not delighted.*

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**EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25.**

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**THAT SHED You Need**

For storing Tools, Cycles, Frame, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. Strong, planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

| Long | Wide | High | Cash | or 6 payments of | or 12 |
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| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6½ ft. | £2 17 6 | 10/- | 5/3 |
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**BIG CATALOGUE** of Portable Buildings Free. **F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD.**, 82, Wood Top, Golden Hedge, Todmn. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

## £1,500 CASH PAID

for entire Factory output enables us to offer these Genuine Naval Boots with fully chromed uppers, double wear soles. Every pair fully guaranteed. Also

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*(As Illustrated)*

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Full Chrome Calf Uppers, Double Tongues, Double Soles, Long Service, Hard Wear guaranteed. 7/6. Postage 9d. or C.O.D.

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*Buy Direct & Save Money!*

Fashionable, smartly cut all-leather Coats, made of selected skins, with cosy fleece lining. Windproof, waterproof. Ideal winter Coat. Ladies' model has full-pleated back, ample wrap over. Colours: fashionable shades of Green, Maroon, Brown, Navy, Black. Ladies' Model: All lengths and fittings 35/-; short Coats 29/6 only. Gents 47/6 Gent. and Flap 1/- extra. Measures, Ladies give length and bust over dress. Gents, chest over vest, height. State shade. Low quotations for cutsizes, maids, and boys. Send on application. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXERCISE BY A Beasley REDUCING BELT—DIFFERENT

*for MEN and WOMEN*

This belt slips on over the hips and instantly conforms to the outline of the figure. No fasteners, no straps, no lacing. An excellent general purpose belt for other use. Ideal for reducing obesity. Reserve Mauve and support. Made of elastic woven Elastic Webbing. 4 suspenders fitted to woman's model. Money refunded if unsuitable.

*Send p.c. now to*

**BEASLEY BELT DEPT. 213A, 26, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.**

*Send for FREE Booklet of Belts for Men and Women.*

9 inches deep. **NEW REDUCED 4'11** FROM 6/11 TO

11 inches deep 5/11. Super quality 7/11. Fine quality silk elastic 10/11. Also 26-36—6/- extra on all.

## TWO POUNDS SAVED

I save you at least TWO POUNDS on any cycle, and you choose from the largest selection in the world. NO CHARGE for ACCESSORIES. Carriage paid. Write NOW for free copy of the most sensational cycle catalogue ever published.

**Coventry Premier** Dept. 2, COVENTRY.

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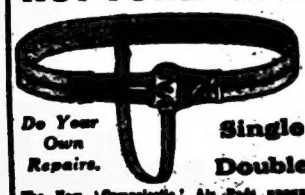

Any style. No extra charge for large pads.

*Do Your Own Repairs.*

Single **12/6**

Double **17/-**

The New 'Completette' Ab-Pad unprocurable. Best quality elastic Webbings and Spare Parts supplied for any kind of Elastic Truss. Money returned if not satisfied.

**FREE TRUSSES** for National Health. Invented parcels, Send for Illustrated Price List and measurement form. POST FREE.

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Real Patterns, New and Beautiful Styles, Plain, Hemstitched, Inserted Repps, all at lowest prices. From **3d. yd.**

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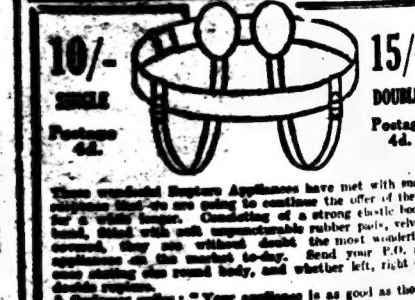
**For a Small Sum we will make your old Down Quilts as good or better than new.**

Imagine your Old Quilt with a beautiful new cover, chosen by yourself, to suit your room furnishings, the Down filling cleaned and brought up to its original cosy luxury; in fact, a NEW and Lovely Quilt from the remains of your old one.

A Beautiful Range of Patterns sent Post Free . . on request.

**CASEMENT MFG. Co. (IL.10) HARDY STREET, MANCHESTER** Send at once while you can spare your Quilt.

**MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED**



**10/-** SINGLE Postage 4d. **15/-** DOUBLE Postage 4d.

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A Customer writes: "Your appliance is as good as those I have paid three times as much for."

*Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded*

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No matter where you live, I can fix you up with any kind of wireless set, including Radio-Grams, and guarantee first-class results. All sets sent ON APPROVAL. CARRIAGE PAID. All ready to switch on. Cash or easy terms.

**Cut Price Radio**

WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, 107 St., COVENTRY

## FREE!

## 32 BILLIARD TABLES GIVEN AWAY FREE

*Write for details and price list.*

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Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. S 10.1, St. Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

**12/6 SUNBEAM SUNGRID 5/11**

To popularise our Mail Order business we are offering this wonderful new British Made Sunshine for 5/11 only! Why not have a really up-to-date Sunshine on your grate-fender and make it as good as an expensive radiant one? Many all these high cost fires you have been using! Send 5/11, postage for FREE APPROVAL. Then if delighted, pay 1/6 weekly till 6/6 is paid, or cash with order, 5/11 only. Many of our customers have written testifying to the amazing superiority of this Sunshine over others at more than twice the price. Why not try it? We send by return!

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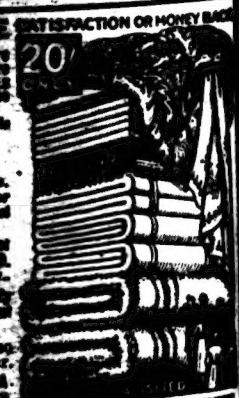
## QUILTS FREE SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK




1 White Blankets
2 Soft Sheets
2 White Fleece Rugs
1 White Bolster Case
1 Art Tinted Bedspread
1 Set Fine Linen Towels
1 Chenille Polisher
2 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Pair Art. Silk Hose

All Double Bed Size.

*British made goods for service and value direct from our mills.*

CASH OR C.O.D. **20/-** Carr. Paid

or simply send the 20/- FREE GIFT of lovely WOVEN TOWN CREST coat with each bale.

Damask tablecloth also free if cash with order.

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Stout Waterproof Derby Boot, grained uppers, solid leather double soles. Screwed, stitched and bradded. Extra tips on toe and heel for double strength. Ideal heavy working boot, built for hard wear. All sizes.

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**FREE** 1 Pair of Sox with every order.

Post 1/- or C.O.D. **8/9**

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CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE FREE OF CHARGE

*(Or in hanks if desired)*

Now better value than ever. Super qualities in Black and 100 shades. 6 ply and Cable. FREE Catalogue of 33 coloured rug designs and samples and prices of Wools, Canvas, etc. Send a P.O. to

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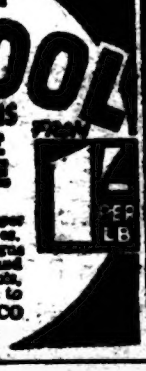


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ALL KINDS

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| 10' x 7' | £6 4 0 |
| 15' x 9' | £10 19 0 |

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| 6' x 4' | £2 15 0 |
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½" Planed Matchboarded Weatherproofed.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

CARRIAGE PAID

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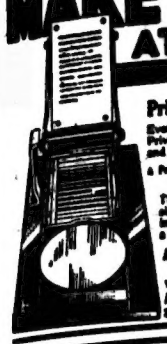
## A CERTAIN WAY TO MAKE MONEY AT ONCE !!!



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Everybody must have print. Visiting Cards, Private and Business Stationery, Tradesmen's Circulars and a million other items are always in demand. And a million other items are always in demand. A Pound Stamp Maker in Red Times as well as Gold. Earn Money by doing your own Printing.

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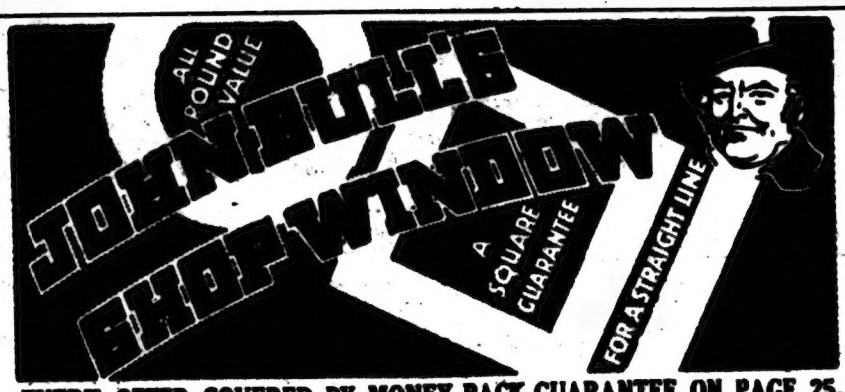


**EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25.**

## DIRECT FROM FACTORY 3-VALVE SELF CONTAINED MODEL

In Polished Wal Cabinet, British Valves, Exide Batteries, balanced armature loud speaker. ONE KNOB TUNING, BRITISH & FOREIGN STATIONS. Perfect Tone & Volume. 75/- Cash or 7/9 mthly.

**SUPER MODEL**

De Luxe Polished Walnut Cabinet, OSRAM VALVES, PENTODE OUTPUT, HIGHLY SELECTIVE. Super-Capacity EXIDE Batteries. 4-pole balanced speaker. Gramophone Pick-up plugs, 95/- Cash or 9/9 mthly. *Open Daily, inc. Sat., till 7 p.m.* Illus. Catalogue of 14 Latest Radio Sets, Post Free.

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Exact appearance of patent leather shoes, these will give months of hard service. Stout rubber soles, moulded to stout rubber upper of imitation grain leather. Pliable, absolutely waterproof, and equal in appearance to glace or patent shoes. Recommended for mechanics, country wear, weekend or City wear. Black or tan. Sizes 7 to 11

**2/9** Post on one or two pair 9d

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Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

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**The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO**

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor; Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish.

30/- VALUE for 11/6. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction, you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly, until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order, or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.

**30/- value for 11/9**

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## For HEALTH'S SAKE KEEP YOUR CHEST EXPANDED

Have a well set-up figure, free from round shoulders, stoop or that weak-chested appearance. Discard ordinary trouser braces and wear Beasley British Chest Expanding Braces. Guard against lung trouble, give perfect freedom and body movement, and compel healthy breathing. Made of substantial web, suede leather fittings and nickel adjusters. Light, durable, smart. State chest measure and send p.o. **5/11**

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This Powerful British Made Three Valve WIRELESS SET Post Carr. Paid ready to switch on for 11/- down and **2/6** weekly

Guaranteed for 12 months. Absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Osram Valves, Exide Accumulator and Batteries all entirely self-contained in handsome Walnut Cabinet. Foreign Stations easily obtained.

£5 : 17 : 6 cash or 11/- down and 2/6 weekly. No Extras. Send 11/- deposit or write for booklet illustrated Booklet.

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**One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.**

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**BRITISH MADE.**
**Ladies and Gents.**
**Ideal for Motoring, Walking, Cycling.**

These excellent fur-backed gauntlets, fleece lined in 3 gore and fur lined inside cuff, are of good quality Tan Cape or Suede; finest quality Fur on Backs and inside cuff and Price-cream sewn for hardest wear. Will give you endless satisfaction. Send to-day, money refunded if not satisfied. State which fur — Mole, Black, Mink, Grey, Brown or Natural Coney—required and give size of hand. All colours. (Beaver Coney 1/- extra). Post 4d. extra.

**8/11**

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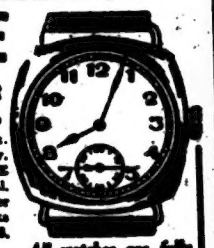

**SOLID SILVER GENT'S WATCH.**

Guaranteed perfect timekeeper. Specially tested before delivery. Smart SOLID SILVER CASE and handsome figured dial. Strong, double width leather strap. Bargain price while stocks last 27/6; luminous dial, 29/6.

**LADY'S WATCH**

*All watches are fully warranted for 15 years*

Same jewelled accurate movement as Gent's Watch. Dainty SOLID SILVER CASE, moire silk band and fancy dial. Wonderful value, 25/-. On solid silver expanding bracelet, 27/6. Send for one of these reliable watches to-day, and see it before you buy—7 days allow sprightly pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly. *Write for Catalogue.*

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*Large or Small Quantities.*

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Battens .. 1 in. x 1 in.—1/6 per 100 ft. run.
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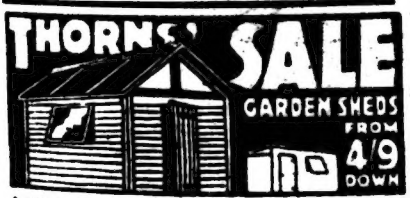


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| Long. | Wide. | High. | Cash Sale Price. |
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| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6ft. | £2.15.0 or 5/- monthly |
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Carr. Paid. Send for Special Sale Catalogue, No. 68, of Garages, Army Huts, etc., showing huge reductions. Over 1,500 sizes and designs.

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**3 VALVE** set complete with Mullard Valves, all accessories, and handsome Cabinet Loud Speaker. Usual Price £7 : 17 : 6. Our Price

**£5.19.6**

*(or 10/6 monthly)*

Ready for use. Nothing more to buy. Also All-Mains Sets at similar reductions, from £8 : 19 : 6

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FULLY GUARANTEED

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(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, Under, Flan. or Wincey Nightdress, Wincey Vests, Bank Flannels, Hand-knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Avoid inferior imitations. Get satisfaction by SENDING 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

MRS. J. B. HOWARD, 60, Dover St., Portsmouth.

**IMPORTANT!**

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## £1-1-0

is all you pay for a charming PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE. Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles, with which I give

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Sent on Approval. CARRIAGE PAID. Small Monthly Payments. *Write for my Free Lists NOW.*

Also ask for a Free 1932 Cycle List

The Garden MUSIC HOUSE, 34 COVENTRY

## A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. H. Rabey Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No. 24, COVENTRY

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**GENUINE HALF PRICE OFFER WITH ONE PAIR HOSE FREE.**

Ideal boot for heavy work.

Guaranteed new. Strongly finished with stout grained leather uppers, solid extra heavy double soles, stitched and bradded and leather insole. Extra tips to soles and heels and extra waterproof tongue. Laces given. *Sizes 5 to 11.*

Per pair **8/9**

*P. stage 1/- extra.*

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Knee length with triple reinforced ankles and insteps. Dull black finish. Fleecy lined throughout. Extra heavy soles and full depth heels (note non-slip tread). Heavier than most at twice the price. Flexible uppers. Easily slipped on and off. Absolutely waterproof and hardwearing.

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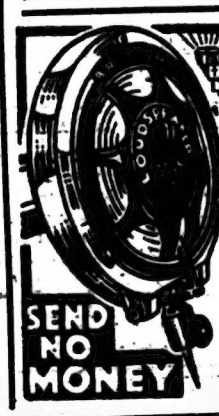
**10/- PER PAIR**

Postage 1/- extra.

*Send for a pair now. Satisfaction guaranteed.*

J.B., OROYDON STORES, Footwear Specialists, DERBY ROAD, OROYDON

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### Settee-Bed

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**125 ONLY FOR DISPOSAL.**

**£4.4**

**EASY CHAIRS** to match with sprung edge seats can be supplied at EACH **£2.2.0**

**No. 701X.** . luxuriously appointed **SETTEE** that is easily converted by two simple movements into an extremely comfortable and restful full-size double bed, 72 x 52 ins. Upholstered in heavy quality Tapestry of pleasing modern design in Brown, Blue, Dark Green and Old Gold. 24 Coil Springs in seat.

*Part cost of Packing and Carriage 5/- extra.*

### Neat Oak Bedroom Suite

**WARDROBE sold separately at 40/-**

**Toilet Pair only 50/-**

~~£5.5~~

**£4.10**

*Part Carr. & Packing 5/- extra.*

**No. G.B.1.** A soundly built 2 ft. 6 in. **SUITE** in solid nicely grained Oak. Polished a rich medium Brown and well finished throughout. The **WARDROBE** is fitted with mirror on door, nickel plated hanger rail and hooks, and stands 6 ft. high. The greatest value for Money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

### RECLINING CHAIR

**10/-** Retailed at 19/6

No. 729GDB.

Adjustable to three positions. Fitted with loose cushion seat and heavily padded back, covered in Brown corduroy. Finished rich Jacobean. Height 26 ins. Width 23 ins. Depth 27 ins.

*Part cost of Packing and Carr. 1/9 extra*

### 10/- BARGAINS

**7½ yds. BRUSSELS TAPESTRY STAIR CARPETING 10/-**

**18 ins. WIDE Usually 20/-**

**No. 874X.** In a variety of shades—Red, Blue, Green or Gold Border with Mottled centre, long enough for average staircase. British manufacture—wonderful bargain. Please state colour desired. *Carriage 9d. extra.*

### Solid Oak BOOT RACK

**No. 729GD.** Made of solid Oak finished rich Brown shade. Fitted two racks (4 rails) and curtain rail with rings. Height 25½ ins., width 21 ins., depth 13 ins.

**Usual Price 20/-**

**10/-**

*Part Carriage & Packing 1/6 extra.*

### DINNER WAGONS

**No. 2208.**

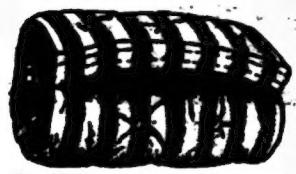
Strongly made in solid oak and beautifully polished rich Jacobean shade. Height 31 ins. width 23 ins., depth 14 ins. Fitted with 2 ins. rubber tyre casters.

Previously 20/-.

*Part Carriage and Packing 1/6 extra.*

**10/-**

### 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. LINSEY WOOL OVERLAY MATTRESS



**No. 2023.** Covered best quality ticking. Filled special hygienically treated high grade Linsey wool. Will give years of lasting and satisfactory service. Usually 20/-.

**10/-**

*Part cost of Carriage and Packing 1/6 extra.*

### 3-Piece Hide Suite

**AMAZING VALUE**

**£7.7**

~~£15-15~~

**No. 2222.** Upholstered in good polished Hide on strong well-seasoned frames with deeply sprung seats and patent steel webbing to prevent sagging. This strongly built suite is of handsome appearance, comfortable, and will withstand years of hard wear. The settee measures 45 ins. between arms, depth of seat 23 ins. Easy Chair 21 ins. between arms, depth of seat 23 ins. Settee sold separately, £3 3s. Easy Chairs sold separately, £2 2s. each.

*Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

### Solid Oak BOOKCASE

**No. 728 GD.** Soundly constructed of beautifully figured Oak. Fitted with four shelves, and polished a rich medium shade. Height 40 ins. Width 18 ins. Depth 7 ins. A handy bookcase of solid construction and convenient size.

**Usually 25/-**

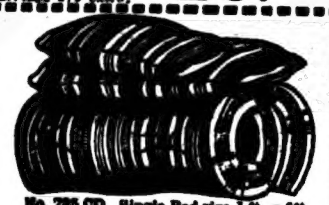
**10/-**

*Part cost of Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.*

### BED SET

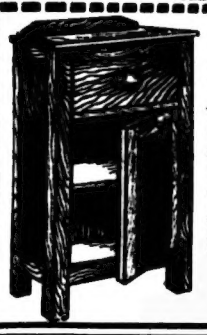
**WOOL FLOCK OVERLAY, BOLSTER, & PILLOW.**

**10/-**



**No. 705 GD.** Single Bed size 3 ft. x 6ft. 4 ins. Complete with full-size Bolster and Pillow. Superior quality Tick with Government standard filling. Usually 19/6. *Carriage 1/6 extra.*

### Whitewood DRESSERETTES



**No. 722 GD.** Very strongly constructed of well-seasoned Deal, sanded ready for staining or painting, fitted with drawer and removable shelf. Lock and key. Height 3ft. 4 ins. Width 18 ins. Depth 16 ins.

**Usually 20/-** **10/-**

*Part cost of Packing and Carriage 1/9 extra.*

## Wonderful Values in Modern Furniture

### Fine Oak Dining Suite

~~£12-17~~

**£5 17 6**

**200 ONLY TO CLEAR**

**No. 2214X.** A solidly constructed **OAK DINING-ROOM SUITE** of fine proportions and high-grade workmanship, and representing most amazing value at our price. *Part Carr. & Packing 5/- extra.* **SIDEBOARD** in nicely figured fumed Oak, with 2 drawers, 2 large cupboards, 4 ft. wide. Sold separately, **40/-** *Carriage and Packing 2/6.* **DRAW LEAF TABLE**, 3 ft. square, opening to 3 ft. x 5 ft. Also 2 ft. 6 ins. sq. opening to 4 ft. 6 by 2 ft. 6 in. Sold separately. **40/-**. *Carr. and Packing 2/6.* **OAK DINING CHAIRS**, drop-in seats, covered in Rexine. Each **10/-** *Carriage 1/-.*

### 3 Piece Fine Velour Suite

**£7.7**

~~£14.14~~

**No. 2255.** A magnificent 3-Piece Lounge Suite of solid, finely proportioned design, well sprung on sturdy frames with special steel webbing to prevent sagging. Upholstered in finest velour of beautiful design in Brown and Fawn or Blue. The Settee measures 42 ins. between arms. Easy Chairs 21 ins. between arms. Settee sold separately £3 3s. Easy chairs sold separately £2 2s. each. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

## 10/- BARGAINS OF GUARANTEED RELIABILITY

### Marblette CLOCK SET

**10/-**

*Carriage 9d. extra. Formerly 19/6.*

**No. M10.** An ornamental Clock Set, artistically designed, consisting of two beautiful Statuettes each 10 ins. high and an attractive reliable timepiece of modern design. Beautifully finished and shaded to give a rich marble effect.

### 4 MOHAIR MATS

**WITH NON-SLIP BACKS. SAFE AND SECURE.**

**10/-**

*Carriage 9d. extra. Previously 20/-.*

**No. 702E.** 4 durable and attractive mats warranted for extra long wear, fitted with safety non-slip backs. **COLOURS:** Black, Gold, Crimson, Green or Blue. State choice. Size 18 ins. x 11 ins.

### NEST OF 3 OAK TABLES

Previously sold at 25/-

**No. 2205X.** Exceptionally useful set of Tables. Well made, finished Jacobean shade. Gateleg Table Height 21 ins. Top 16½ x 11 ins. Other two slightly smaller, fold into one.

**10/-**

*Packing and Carriage 1/6 extra.*

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### SOLID OAK BUREAU

USUALLY 50/-

No. 2156. Handsome design, strongly made. Solid Figured Oak. Finished rich Jacobean shade. Fitted pigeon holes, drawer, and 2 shelves. Width 2 ft. 6 ins. Height 3 ft. 4 in. Depth 9 in.

20/-

*Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra*

### 4ft Figured Oak Suite

BEDSTEAD can be supplied to match. 20/-

~~£15~~

£7.7

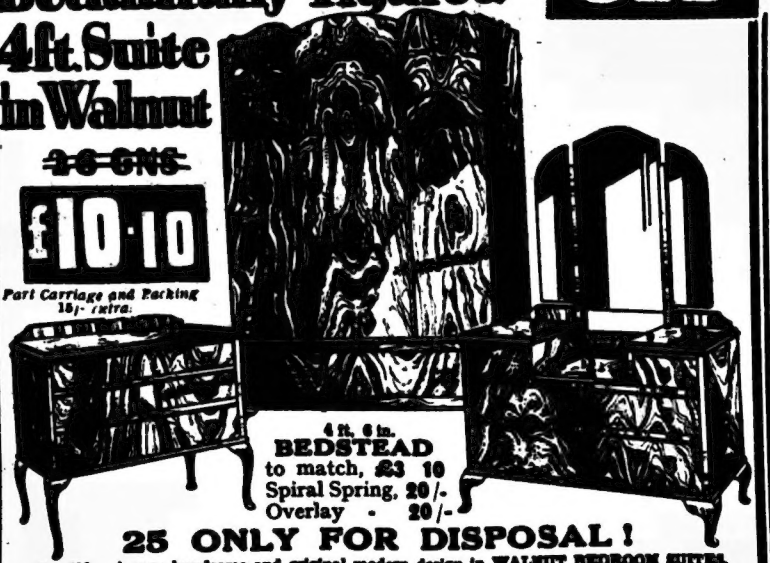
No. 2261B. A fine 3-piece Oak Bedroom Suite attractively designed and built of high grade materials throughout. Wardrobe 4ft. wide, with bevelled plate glass mirror and fitted with shelf, sliding hanger rail and hooks; Dressing Table 3 ft. 6 ins. wide; Dressing Chest 3 ft. wide. Outstanding value at the Price. *Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

### Beautifully Figured 4ft. Suite in Walnut

~~£16 GNS~~

£10·10

*Part Carriage and Packing 15/- extra.*



4 ft. 6 in. BEDSTEAD to match, £3 10
Spiral Spring, 20/-
Overlay - 20/-

**25 ONLY FOR DISPOSAL!**

No. 311. A very handsome and original modern design in WALNUT BEDROOM SUITES, with matched veneering of remarkable beauty. Expertly made with a rich medium finish, and in every way a real craftsman's job. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with large plate glass mirror inside door, and hanger rail with hooks, etc. 3 ft. 6 in. Triple Mirror Dressing Table with Queen Anne legs. 3 ft. Chest of 3 drawers.

### Real Hide Suite with LOOSE CUSHIONS

No. 2298. An extremely attractive Suite of unique design, soundly constructed in finely grained, polished real Hide, upon sturdy well-seasoned frames. The loose cushions are amply filled and covered with fine quality Velveteen with corded edges. The Settee measures 44 ins. between arms. Easy Chairs 21 ins. between arms. An outstanding Suite at a remarkably low price. EASY CHAIRS sold separately £3 each. SETTEE sold separately £4 10s.

~~£22 15s.~~

£10.10

*Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

### RECLINING CHAIR

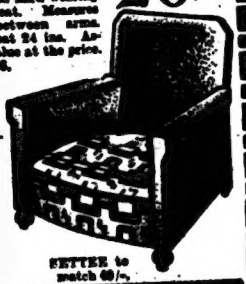
20/-

No. 1092. Width 23½ ins. Depth of Seat 22 ins. Maximum comfort is obtainable with this exceptionally strong chair. These chairs are fitted with loose back and seat cushions covered with Corduroy, and back is adjustable to 3 positions. Finished Jacobean shade. Usually 30/6. *Part Cost of Packing and Carriage 1/- extra.*

### REXINE & MOQUETTE CHAIR

20/-

No. 311. An attractive and very well made Easy Chair, perfectly upholstered with Rexine back and arms and hard wearing Moquette seat. Measures 30 ins. between arms. Depth of seat 24 ins. Astounding value at the price. Usually 30/6.



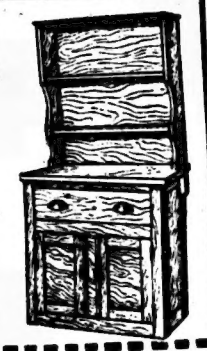
*Part Carriage 2/6 extra.*

SETTEE to match 60/-.

### 20/- BARGAINS

### KITCHEN DRESSER

20/-



No. 2272. Built of carefully selected timber throughout, every joint mortised and tenoned and with a laminated birch top which will not warp or shrink. This Dresser is finely smoothed and finished and represents almost incredible value for money. Height 6 ft.; Width 3 ft. Depth 16 ins. Usually 30/6.

*Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.*

## High Grade Suites at Cost Price

### 3Ft Oak Bedroom Suite

4 ft. 6 in. BEDSTEAD in Oak, 20/-

*Part Carriage and Packing 5/- extra.*

~~£16·10~~

£6·10

No. SP. 15. A soundly built SUITE in nicely grained Oak. Polished a rich medium Brown and well finished throughout. The WARDROBE is fitted with nickel-plated hanger rail and hooks and stands 6 ft. high. The MIRRORS on the dressing table are bevelled plate glass. The greatest Value for Money it is possible to obtain anywhere.

### The "CLUB" Rexine & Velour 3 Piece Suite

~~£14·14~~

£7.7

*Part Carriage and Packing 7/6 extra.*

Sold Separately: CHAIRS, 42/- each SETTEE, 63/-

No. 2273. A fine example of modern workmanship built on generous lines, and particularly notable for the supreme comfort of the extra long seating. The SUITE is heavily padded all over, with deeply sprung seats; and upholstered in Rexine and rich quality velour. SETTEE 44 ins. wide between arms, depth of seat 24 ins. EASY CHAIRS 21 ins. wide between arms. Depth of seat 24 ins.

**ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE Post Free on request.**

### BED CHAIR

ADJUSTABLE 3 POSITIONS

Width 24 in. Depth of Seat 22 in. Extends to 5 ft. 3 in. Strongly built, covered good quality Brown Corduroy. Chair by day or Bed by night.

Usually 30/6 each.

20/-

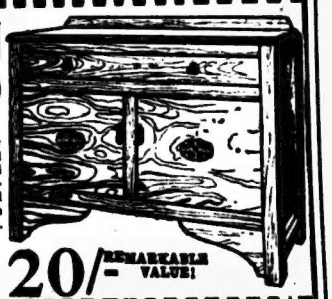
*Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.*

H. 1696. Useful in any home.

### KITCHEN SIDEBOARD

Formerly sold at 40/-.

No. 2269 B. Soundly and solidly constructed in selected white wood and fitted with one commodious drawer and large deep cupboard with shelf. 3 ft. wide, 3ft. high, 16 ins. deep.



*Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.*

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### CONVERTIBLE BED & HALL SEAT

AS A FULL LENGTH BED.

No. 3500. A most compact and useful piece of furniture. Makes a handy seat during day and a comfortable full length bed by night. Covered strong canvas. Portable. Folds easily. Finish Jacobean shade. Size closed 2 ft. 6 ins. wide, 20½ ins. high, 11 ins. deep.

20/-

Usually 27/6.

*Part cost of Packing and Carriage 2/6 extra.*

### SOLID OAK SPIRAL SPRING BEDSTEAD

No. 2218. Strongly built solid Oak 3ft. BEDSTEAD with 1 inch solid Oak panels. Fitted with spiral spring Mattress. Usually 40/-

20/-

Flock filled MATTRESS, Bolster and feather filled Pillow in best English ticking, 20/-.

*Part Carriage and Packing 2/6 extra.*

### COT, MATTRESS & OVERLAY

No. 2152. A sturdily constructed folding Cot made of stout selected wood, stained and polished and fitted with a strong wire mattress and well filled overlay in strongly sewn cover. One side can be dropped when necessary, and the whole cot can easily be fitted up and taken down. mounted on castors. Size 4 ft. long x 2 ft. wide. Height about 2 ft. 10ins. Usually 30/6.

20/- *Part Carr. and Pack. 2/- extra*

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POST ORDERS should be addressed to Boicons' Dept. 4, 40-44, Strand, London, W.C.2. Do not forget to add Carriage and Packing Charges when sending remittance and Cheques, Money Orders, and P.O.'s should be crossed but need not be registered. Treasury notes should be registered. GOODS ARE SENT CARRIAGE FORWARD ONLY, to Scotland, Ireland and addresses of the mainland.

We make FREE DELIVERY in the Greater London Area.

### 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 in. OAK BEDSTEAD

Usually 40/-

20/-

No. 210D. Full double size Bedstead with solid Oak ends and strong iron sides with patent fittings. Polished a rich Jacobean Brown. Size 6 ft. 6 ins. x 4 ft. 6 ins. 40-COIL SPRING or WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS of the finest and most reliable manufacture 30/- extra. OVERLAY MATTRESS 4 ft. 6 ins. 20/- extra. NOTE.—Bedstead, Spring Mattress and Mattress also supplied in 4ft. size.

*Part Carriage and Packing on each item 2/6 extra. If ordered as one lot 5/- extra.*

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RIVIERA

# 2 VALVE RADIO

## IN POLISHED BAKELITE WALNUT FINISH

**A handsome addition to the modern home, that will be the envy of all your friends, and give you endless pleasure by its flawless performance. Everything is of the best—Mullard Master-Valves, enclosed loudspeaker, polished bakelite cabinet in attractive walnut finish. It tunes from 230 to 550 metres on short waves and 1,000 to 2,000 metres on long waves. Here's a gift of outstanding quality, exclusive to smokers of cigarettes of real quality—Black Cat.**

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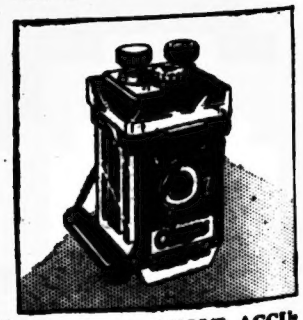

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JOHN BULL

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# Cheating the CLEVER CHILD

## THE CRUELLEST CUT OF ALL . .

## WITHOUT FEAR—

## —OR FAVOUR

**NO wonder parents are rubbing their eyes!**

**They have every reason to do so in view of the outrageous decision of the Board of Education to curtail the number of free places in secondary schools and to impose the meanest of means tests upon parents whose children win scholarships.**

We are expected to believe that this misguided act is in the interests of national economy.

**But what sort of economy is it that brings the "axe" down on the children—that aims at wasting the brains of many of the cleverest of the rising generation? For that is what will happen if Parliament allows the Board of Education to have its way.**

In hundreds of thousands of homes to-day there are keen, intelligent youngsters, boys and girls, working overtime to win the right to a better education.

They are doing their homework in their "free" time. They are slogging instead of slacking. They are good kids, a credit to their parents and their country.

But does the Board of Education care? Not a bit. It means to withhold from many of them the reward they have richly earned. On April the first next (All Fools' Day, mark you) the economy axe will fall on them. Some paltry thousands of pounds will be saved. But at what a cost!

To restrict free scholarships in any way is to cheat a host of children who are brilliant enough to win them. Some of the parents disqualified by the means test will undoubtedly find the fees. But it is certain that a vast number will not be able to do so. Result: their clever, hard-working boys and girls, the cream of the rising generation, will be penalised.

Of course, this will happen only in England.

IN Scotland any ambitious and talented youngster, though he be the son of the humblest crofter, can make his own way right through to the University without costing his parents a penny. Those who are aggrieved because so many Scots hold high positions in England are apt to forget that.

They do not realise that educationally England has always lagged disgracefully behind Scotland. And now the English child is to be still further handicapped.

This new education squeeze, if Parliament stands for it, is going to hit every family whose bright children have gained admittance to secondary schools by open competition if the family income reaches £3 10s. a week.

**This is an abominable hardship for parents. With the cost of living and the burden of taxation what they are to-day, it means that many a parent will have to deny his scholarship child the benefit, so richly earned, of a better education.**

Why is it that our legislators seem to aim a blow whenever they can nowadays at the parent and the child? The family man is still staggering from the heavy blow of the decreased income-tax allowances he gets for his wife and his children, and so far as we can see is long likely to do so.

And now comes this miserable decision of the Board of Education to save a little more money at the children's expense!

If it is unfair to the parents, it is a monstrous injustice to their young sons and daughters.

The child who wins a scholarship in open competition has *earned* his award. His parents' income has nothing to do with it.

The principle of free scholarship education which is involved is not one of income, but one of giving the brainy child every opportunity of developing his or her talents to the fullest extent and becoming the most useful of citizens.

*The clever child's path to higher education is barred by the false economy axe*

**ECONOMY that upsets that principle is no real economy at all, and we hope that when Members of Parliament reassemble they will most emphatically reject it.**

If they do not—and that would be a gross neglect of their duty—we can only advise every parent of a scholarship child who can to pay the fee demanded if his child is disqualified by the means test from the free higher education he has earned by his or her industry and intelligence. Better the parent in such cases to make the sacrifice than the child.

Let us make it clear that JOHN BULL has never felt that the backward child should be sacrificed for the brilliant one. We believe in equal opportunity for all of them, and we have no sympathy with teachers who neglect the dunces for the scholars.

It is, nevertheless, plain common-sense to give the clever child every chance to reach the top of the educational ladder. He not only deserves it: he is an asset to the State. He is not only the hard-working child genius of to-day, but the successful citizen and solid taxpayer of to-morrow.

We are glad the Board of Education's lapse has caused an outcry among thinking men and women of all classes of society and every shade of political opinion.

Whole-heartedly we endorse the general protest of teachers, business men, ministers of religion and parents.

This cheating of the clever child is not economy: it is sheer madness. Our earnest hope is that Parliament will reverse this iniquitous decision.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# Coming Storm Over Dearer Football Threat

*Club director: "Sorry—but we can afford to do without you now"*

BAD news for the great football crowds!

We hear that several of the leading soccer clubs are threatening to follow the misguided lead of the Arsenal in restricting the number of their shilling seats.

If they carry out their threats they can be sure of arousing a well-merited storm of protest.

They are forgetting that the shilling-ticket enthusiasts have made football what it is.

But for them there would be no wealthy clubs with huge reserves, who owe their prosperity not to the people able to buy stand or season tickets, but to the hosts of shilling spectators.

## What they forget

The dearer football advocates are overlooking the fact, too, that in these times what is wanted is not dearer but cheaper tickets.

They should learn a lesson from the supporters' club of Southampton F.C., which is to issue half-price tickets.

Cheaper seats would do far more for the great winter game at the present moment than anything else.

## They can afford it

Some of the clubs, we know, are going through bad times themselves, but we decline to believe that rich ones like Everton, the Hotspurs, Aston Villa, Chelsea, and many more we could name cannot afford to reduce their charges.

The League law which prohibits the sale of tickets at less than a shilling should be scrapped

Common-sense, and fairness to the great crowds that loyally supported the game in better times, demand it.

## Where's their courage?

The Divorce Bill will be introduced in the coming session of Parliament. It aims at making drunkenness, cruelty, desertion and lunacy grounds for divorce.

But many M.P.s are afraid of defying small minorities of their constituents who are opposed to reform of this sort. So it is very doubtful if the Bill will obtain a majority in the Commons.

We think it long overdue.

## Squeezing us dry

We said some time ago that we can't be "gentlemen" again. But Mr. Chamberlain seems determined to put us to the test.

It is said that the "gentleman's agreement," which allowed us to pay the heavy first instalment of this year's income-tax in easy stages, will not be renewed next January.

We hope it isn't true. Mr. Chamberlain must think again.

## The Government's turn

He must remember that the Budget was balanced, the £ kept steady, foreign credits repaid and the biggest conversion scheme in history successfully accomplished *only through the sacrifices of the public.*

The people have done more than their bit. It is time the Government made ends meet without stooping to mean expedients like education and pension cuts and income-tax ramps.

The obvious way is to reduce armaments. Now read A. G. Gardiner's article on page 13

## Villain of the peace

Under Mr. Montagu Norman's direction, the Bank of England is hoarding gold. He has bought over £18,000,000 in gold bars and coin during the year.

He wants Britain to return to the gold standard, and is trying to persuade Mr. Chamberlain to agree to this.

Mr. Chamberlain must do nothing of the sort. Our previous return to the gold standard started many of our present troubles. But bankers never learn.

## Fighting the banks

Then there's the quarrel between the banks and the Stock Exchange over the amount of commission the bankers receive for share transactions.

It is more than a matter of domestic interest.

The Stock Exchange members who, despite the nervousness of their official Committee, are preparing to fight the bankers should have the public's support. We have suffered too long from the banks' big stick.

## Needless panic

Half a million investors in the £330,000,000 of 4 per cent. bonds, the Government loan floated after the war, have had a shock.

A leading bank has advised them to sell their holdings. Its reason is that the present price of the bonds is £107, so that £7 would be lost on every £100 should the bonds be drawn for payment.

But there's no reason to worry. Only a very small proportion of the total is annually drawn.

## The tide turns

Shipping is showing some improvement.

One West Hartlepool firm had twenty-two of its fifty ships laid up a fortnight ago. Since then sixteen have been recommissioned and another is ready to sail.

And this company sets a further good example to other shipowners. Only British seamen are employed.

## Dignity and impudence

We like straight greyhound racing. Under proper, honest management it gives a healthy evening's amusement to millions of people.

But we do find ourselves in agreement with the War Office authorities who have forbidden military bands to march round a track heading a procession of the winning dogs.

That really is carrying the thing to the point of absurdity. You wouldn't expect the organist of St. Paul's to go along to Epsom and play a voluntary as the winner of the Derby was led back into the paddock, would you?

# Censure on a Bad Mother

# Divorce Bill We Want

## What a mother!

A woman at the Bristol Juvenile Court was said to have attempted to get her fifteen-year-old son arrested for theft, and, failing this, to have him certified as a lunatic.

The superintendent of the remand home described the boy as one of the best behaved he had ever known, and the magistrate called the parent a "disgrace to motherhood."

We hope that youth and manhood will bring compensations for what seems to have been a miserable boyhood.

## Foul fighting

The boxing season is just beginning, and we hope it doesn't mean that the fouling season is beginning also. But there seems a danger of it.

British boxing is at a low enough ebb as it is without being besmirched with more tricks and disqualifications.

There are signs of a movement to "tighten things up," and we hope it will be carried through.

Let the man who deliberately fouls be forbidden to fight. That would be the quickest way to put boxing on its feet again.

## Stroke of genius

At last Britain has found its superman, able to cure unemployment. He is Mr. C. F. Ashton, of Liverpool, and his plan is simple.

True, taxi-drivers won't like it. For the workless are to pull rickshaws through the streets. Fare—2½d. a mile.

If they refuse, they lose the "dole."

Mr. Ashton is sending his 10,000 word scheme to the Minister of Labour. We hope the Minister has room in his wastepaper-basket.

## Hard-up justice

Many people think that a man on trial may claim the services of counsel for nothing by means of a dock brief.

Mr. Justice Charles dispelled this delusion at the Old Bailey when he told a man who hadn't the necessary fee of £1 3s. 6d. that he couldn't have it on credit.

We can only say that it is time this disgraceful victimisation of the penniless was stopped.

## We score again

JOHN BULL has won again.

In November the new Patents Act comes into force.

It will end for ever the scandal of "threat" actions for infringements. It states for the first time the grounds on which an application for a patent may be refused.

We have worked for years for these points.

## A costly joke

Firemen—and the public—should be grateful to Mr. Basil Watson, the North London magistrate.

He has fined a man £25 for giving a false alarm of fire, and says he will impose a similar penalty in every case of the kind.

Other magistrates, please note.

## Solving your problems

In its campaign to secure justice for ex-Service men and their dependents, our Pensions Department continues to meet with wonderful success. Old Age and Widows' Pensions are also not being forgotten.

When in doubt, readers should not hesitate to write to our Pensions Expert, who will be pleased to advise them.

## Children first!

Rather than spend £50 on fire precautions required by the licensing regulations, Finchley Education Committee has decided to forgo a yearly profit of £24 on dances in local schools.

So it seems that the conditions regarded as dangerous for adults are considered good enough for the children!

Finchley parents—and the London County Council—should have something to say about this.

## Is it too much?

One of the arguments for a reduction of workmen's compensation is that the average amount paid out in cases of fatal accidents has risen from £159 in 1913 to £287.

Some people think this is far too much.

The mother of a family who receives £287 to console her for the loss of the breadwinner will probably disagree. We do, anyway.

## Our warning justified

JOHN BULL's exposure last week of the new perils of the road has already had a gratifying result.

A West Bridgford employer, Robert Kirk, was charged at Nottingham with overworking one of his lorry drivers.

The driver said that when he kept within the speed-limit he couldn't get the ten hours' consecutive rest demanded by the Road Traffic Act. The Bench convicted Kirk on each of the four summonses, and fined him £4.

The case was described as the first of its kind. It must not be allowed to remain unique, and in further cases we hope that a far heavier penalty will be imposed.

## Sharp practice

Many people are tempted to accept "paying guests" just now. Some apartment agencies are taking advantage of this to offer to recommend suitable clients providing a fee of a guinea or so is paid.

But this fee has to be paid *before* the clients are introduced.

Such terms are obviously open to abuse and should not be accepted.

## S.O.S.

Why has the Board of Trade not made it compulsory for coasting vessels to carry wireless?

Rough weather at sea has brought a crop of disasters. Lives have been lost because of the delay in summoning assistance.

We hope this vital matter will be ignored no longer.

## The exploiters

Dealers' "rings" at auctions were made illegal five years ago. Unfortunately, the Act has become almost a dead letter.

The "rings" go on, particularly at sales of farm produce. Producers and consumers are plundered with equal effrontery.

How much longer is this scandal to be tolerated by the authorities?

## Crime is cheap

William Jenkins was charged at Newport Petty Sessions with ill-treating his four children.

He struck them with a rake, an iron tooth, and a clog. As the children are now in an institution, they would not have suffered had he been sent to jail.

But he was only fined £5, plus £2 for cruelty to a horse and a calf.

Cruelty is still a cheap pastime.

by LORD MELCHETT

*Lord Melchett, the prominent industrialist, is a director of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd.*

# WE Needn't BE POOR

THERE is no doubt whatever that at the present time not only Great Britain but the world as a whole is in a mess, but it is a quite unnecessary mess.

In a world laden with wealth we find great masses of the populations of the various countries living in the worst degree of poverty and in the most pitiable circumstances.

At the same time as our stocks of all the principal necessities of life are greater probably than they have ever been before, and when the command which man has over the forces and resources of Nature is greater than during any previous period in history, there is an amount of real grinding poverty which must send a shudder through any right-minded man, and cannot be a source of pride to those responsible for the higher control of finance and politics.

There is not the slightest need to be poor. There can be no real excuse for poverty.

The development of scientific knowledge and equipment is such that all the experts now agree that on the average the world is getting 3 per cent. wealthier every year. Put into everyday language, this means that every competent and energetic being should be able to enjoy, year after year, an ever-increasing standard of comfort, security and leisure.

What is wrong?

Here is wealth untold which science has placed at our disposal, and that same wealth is not being placed at the disposal of those who most need it.

The problem is not one of unfair distribution as between the rich and the poor; it is not a matter of rectifying the uneven allotment of wealth; the trouble is that a tremendous amount of wealth is not being distributed at all.

## Money the master

IF we believe our eyes, people are poorer now than in 1927, 1928 and 1929; no one gains but everyone loses, because of the great mass of undistributed wealth.

The problem of science in these days is not how to produce wealth, for with our present knowledge and equipment the world's capacity for production far exceeds its total present consumption.

What we have to do is to apply the scientific mind to the problems of distribution as thoroughly and as efficiently as we have applied it to the problems of production.

I know from my own experience of industry that production has reached the pitch of efficiency at which it can do all that mankind at present requires of it. For all practical purposes we can quite safely say that there is very little wrong with production.

What is wrong is our present financial system, *which has made money not the servant but the master of mankind.*

It is because of the difficulties of our monetary system that we fail to place at the disposal of millions of people the wealth which is lying idle in the great store-houses of the world.

The question is: What has science to say which will get us out of this mess?

We have applied scientific knowledge under high pressure to even the minutest problems of production. Can we now apply the scientific mind to the same extent to the problems of distribution?

## A clean sweep

THE whole system of finance, money, credit, wage-payment, and so on, has entirely failed to keep pace with modern scientific methods of production. We are trying to carry on a highly developed and intricate economic system through the medium of the original crude, clumsy financial system which happened to serve us quite well up to half a century ago.

The needs of man are unlimited, but from the economic point of view need can only be turned into effective demand when it is coupled with the ability to pay.

In other words, we have to devise a financial system which will put purchasing power into the hands of the great mass of our citizens to a much larger extent than it gets there at present.

At one of the lectures given at the recent conference of the British Association, a certain professor of economics definitely and seriously advocated a great new issue of currency which was to be distributed gratis to the unemployed. In that way, he thought, demand might be enabled to begin to keep pace with supply.

For my own part, I do not think that any such scheme could possibly be successful, but it is important that every sort of plan should be discussed and suggested.

My own view is that we have to take a very different conception of the economic problems of the world from that which obsesses the present-day financiers, who really control the whole of the distributive machinery of the world.

We have to see wealth in terms not of money but of the exchange of real goods and actual services.

We have to visualise the ordinary working man as toiling in a factory not for so many pounds, shillings and pence a week, but for so much house room, food, clothing, doctors' services, and so on.

If we keep this conception steadily before us we shall find it much more easy to visualise a monetary system the only purpose of which would be to make it easy for a man to exchange his labour, and the product of his labour, for all the things which he really needs for his health, happiness and comfort.

No one can eat gold, and no serious-minded person would care very much if all the gold in the world were to disappear to-morrow.

For industrial purposes it is practically useless. The only way in which it can really assist the happiness of mankind is when it is used for the purpose of making personal ornaments such as bracelets, necklaces, rings, and so on. And yet it is this relatively useless commodity to which we are tied by the whole of the monetary systems of the world.

Science must devise some entirely new basis on which we can work the exchange of goods and services. We must break clear from the policy of once more forcing the country back on to the Gold Standard. We must get away from the idea that merely by forcing things to become cheap in terms of money we can solve our economic problems.

It doesn't matter a bit whether things are cheap or dear in terms of money so long as people have the money to buy the things they want.

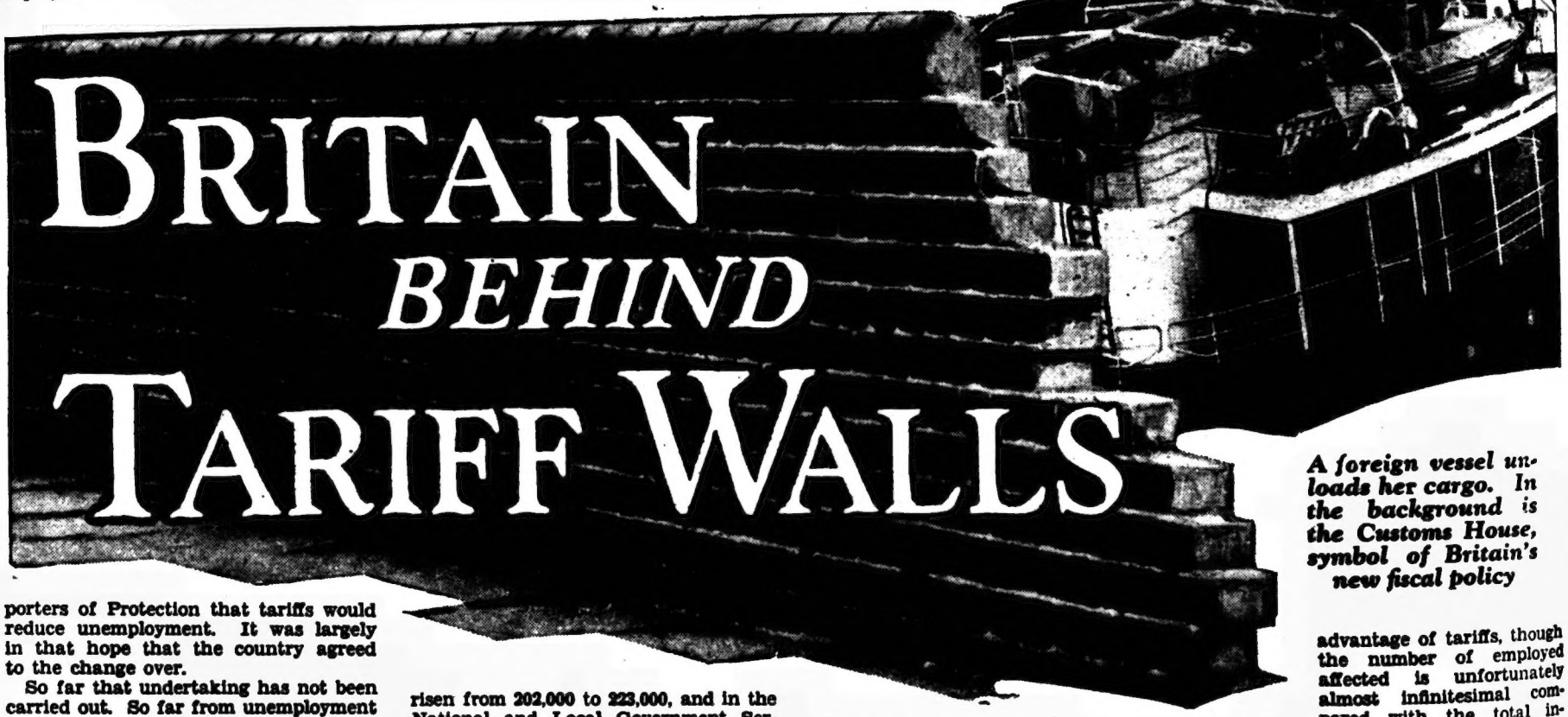
The present system of monetary control is crude, unscientific and out of date.

We must have an entirely new system based on the mobilisation of the whole of the credit of what is still one of the richest nations in the world.

*This figure sits enthroned on the Bank of England—a symbol of the system which has made gold the master of mankind*

# After Nine Months of Protection—

# BRITAIN BEHIND TARIFF WALLS



*A foreign vessel unloads her cargo. In the background is the Customs House, symbol of Britain's new fiscal policy*

NINE months have now elapsed since the beginning of the greatest economic experiment in England's history—nine months in which to judge what will be the ultimate results of introducing tariffs after nearly one hundred years of Free Trade.

No controversy has ever been fought with so much heat or with such an array of logic as the tariff question. Nothing has ever been watched more anxiously than the immediate effects of changing the settled policy of three generations of Englishmen.

Ever since the first of the Abnormal Imports Orders was put into force last November, the barometers of trade and employment have been scanned day by day by an army of economists, industrialists and politicians.

Every point in support of Free Trade or Protection is eagerly seized upon by contending parties and made the subject of a speech or article.

And as the months go by, pictures slowly begin to form in the crystal which foreshadows Great Britain's industrial future.

Although it is not yet possible to arrive at anything like a final judgment as to the result of tariffs, an impartial review brings out a number of important facts, some supporting one side, some the other.

First, what has been the result upon employment? It was claimed by supporters of Protection that tariffs would reduce unemployment. It was largely in that hope that the country agreed to the change over.

So far that undertaking has not been carried out. So far from unemployment decreasing, the total figure of the unemployed has risen by nearly 500,000 since the new tariffs came into operation in November last. It is now 2,966,782, the highest figure ever recorded in Great Britain.

## False claim

Moreover, when tariffs came into operation, unemployment was actually on the decrease. It had fallen by more than 300,000 owing to the benefit given to our export trade by our departure from the Gold Standard and the depreciation in the exchange value of the pound.

Instead, therefore, of tariffs having decreased unemployment, they seem on this evidence to have brought a sharp reverse in the trend towards improvement which had started shortly before Free Trade came to an end.

This evidence is not, of course, conclusive, for factors other than tariffs have helped to increase unemployment, but it certainly proves that assertions that Protection would mean more work immediately were false.

Moreover, it is significant that the two other countries which have a much worse unemployment record than ourselves, Germany—where the number of the workless rose from 4,214,765 at the end of August, 1931, to 5,582,620 at the end of May—and the United States—where between August, 1931, and March, 1932, there was actually an increase of 5,534,000, or 108 per cent.—are both high Protectionist countries.

Protectionists here have argued that the increase in unemployment is, however, mainly due to further depression in the coal industry, which is not affected by tariffs.

## The wrong side

There has, it is true, been a big jump in unemployment in the coal trade, but the rise from 378,000 out-of-work men a year ago to 425,000 now accounts only for 47,000 of the 500,000 increase in the total figures, so that it is obvious that this argument is not supported by the facts.

Moreover, other trades have suffered even more heavily than the coal trade. A year ago there were 210,000 unemployed in the building trade. Now there are 327,000.

In the last twelve months the unemployed in the distributive trades have risen from 202,000 to 223,000, and in the National and Local Government Services from 51,000 to 71,000—a rise of over 39 per cent.

The balance so far as total employment is concerned is thus, up to date, heavily against tariffs.

Tariffs have, however, brought a certain amount of increased work in some districts, and particularly in the South.

They have led to the opening of a number of foreign factories, especially around London.

Since last November, 160 foreign factories have been built in this country. All of these are in production, and altogether they employ approximately 5,350 British workmen and 485 foreigners.

The foreigners are only temporarily employed. They hold permits for short periods, and their task is erecting and starting special machinery and training British workmen to run it. As soon as their jobs are done they will on no account be allowed to remain in the country.

When these 160 factories are working to capacity, they are expected to employ well over 10,000 men.

Enquiries for sites are still reaching the London Chamber of Commerce and the railway companies at the rate of three or four a week, and it is estimated that within a year from now there should be at least 250 foreign factories at work, giving employment to over 16,000 men.

Out of the 160 factories working now, 83 are German, 16 are French, 14 Austrian, 12 Belgian, 12 American, 9 Dutch and 14 other countries.

In some cases, the entire contents of factories on the Continent have been conveyed bodily to new factories built in England.

For instance, nearly 16,000 tons of plant have been removed from two factories in France and Holland, and transported by train-ferry to the North of England. Wool and textile plant came from Roubaix to Lancashire, and waxed paper machinery was delivered from Nyziegen in Holland to Knutsford in Cheshire.

The biggest group of foreign factories is to the west of London, including the Slough district. Here there are forty-eight factories, employing 1,655 hands, and manufacturing such things as cosmetics, dresses, electrical goods, lace, nails, perfume, radio goods, toilet articles, toys and knitwear.

To the north of London, including Watford, Welwyn and Letchworth, there are thirty-nine foreign factories, employing 1,245 people, and manufacturing, among other things, biscuits, fancy leather goods, watches, raincoats, scissors, table glassware and vacuum cleaners.

The other big group is to the east of London, where 1,290 people, working in forty factories, are turning out corsets, chocolates, fibre suitcases, paint, razor-blades, spectacle frames, underwear and a number of other articles.

## Jumping the wall

The rest of the new factories are 7 in South London, 6 in the Midlands, 13 in Lancashire and Cheshire, 5 in Yorkshire and 2 in other parts of the country, the last two manufacturing machinery for the beet-sugar industry, and phosphates.

That is certainly something to the advantage of tariffs, though the number of employed affected is unfortunately almost infinitesimal compared with the total increase in unemployment. Even if all the new factories contemplated are built, the numbers of workers employed will be insignificant when put beside the decrease in total employment.

There are, however, many foreign firms whose directors feel too doubtful about the future course of English politics to set up factories over here just yet.

Some of these are adopting another method of evading our tariff barriers until the position is clearer.

This is to have their goods manufactured in England under licence. Instead of building factories, these firms hand over their patents to some English firm, and make arrangements for the latter to manufacture for them.

It is a process of sub-contracting. The sub-contracting firm hands over the goods to English selling agents, so that from first to last no foreigners are employed and no duty is payable.

There are no official figures to show to what extent this process of sub-con-

# —An Impartial Survey

tracting is being resorted to, but it is known to be on a substantial scale in the light engineering and textile trades.

Up and down Great Britain to-day there are all sorts of contrasts. Some trades appear to have been helped by tariffs, others have been damaged.

The coal-mining districts in Wales and the North present an even gloomier picture of enforced idleness owing to the retaliatory tariffs, but in the West Riding of Yorkshire there is more activity than there has been for years.

Scarcely any of the mills are working short time; a few are working overtime.

The Clydeside is a particularly dark spot. Unemployment in the shipbuilding industry has now reached a total of 114,000, and Lloyd's Register shows that at the end of June the tonnage under construction was only 280,692 (compared with 555,603 in June of last year), which is lower than any figure recorded by the register for over fifty years.

## Healthy signs

On the other hand, in Lancashire there are welcome signs of improvement in the cotton industry In spite of the strike, some, though not all, branches of the cotton industry are picking up.

During the first four months of this year exports of cotton piece goods to China and Hong Kong more than doubled, and cotton piece exports to India increased by 30 per cent. The total increase in value was about £1,000,000 a month.

Our export trade has, on the whole, however, suffered very severely in consequence of tariffs, the latest returns for August showing a fresh decline.

One of our greatest industries, shipping, which in normal years brings us a net income of at least £130,000,000 a year, has been struck a crushing blow.

Sixty-eight per cent. of the total number of workers at the docks are in consequence now out of work.

Although this unemployment is not all due to tariffs, it has been accentuated by 28 or 30 per cent. since tariffs came.

To try and find the brighter side of the picture, we must turn to some of the factories which produce electrical goods, textile fabrics, radios, tools, clothing, machinery, and so forth.

## Exports up

The total industrial production increased by 3 per cent. during the first quarter of the year, while manufacturing production was 1.4 per cent. greater.

During the same three months, Germany's production fell by 22.3 per cent. and America's by 20.5 per cent.!

That this improvement is due to tariffs which are substituting English-made goods for foreign goods in the home market can be seen from the import and export figures. Both have continued to fall, but there has been a much more rapid drop in imports, leaving us better off on balance.

Up to the end of June, we exported £150,370,565 worth of manufactured goods and imported £124,353,863 worth.

Last year the corresponding figures were £142,982,219 and £81,701,841.

In other words, during the first half of last year we exported only 24s. worth of manufactured goods for every £1 worth of imports, but this year we are exporting 35s. worth for every £1 worth of imports.

In spite of this, however, our adverse trade balance remains enormous, though less than it was last year.

For the first six months of 1932 it amounted to £143,608,660, compared with £182,958,362 for the first half of 1931. This is a drop of 20 per cent.

Actually, our exports fell by only 7 per cent. over a period when exports from France, America and Germany fell by 38 per cent., 36 per cent., and 36 per cent.

As a result of the effect of tariffs in reducing our imports from abroad, our total adverse trade balance—that is, the difference between the value of the goods we sell and those we buy—was for August last only £24,760,000, compared with £30,950,000 in July of last year.

To that extent our financial position seems at first sight to have improved, but unfortunately the improvement is more than wiped out by the decline in our income from overseas investments.

It was always claimed by those who opposed Protection that if we refused to buy from the rest of the world, overseas countries to which we have lent money would be unable to keep on paying us interest on those loans at the same rate as formerly.

Events have justified this criticism up to the hilt.

Last year—the year in which we introduced tariffs—our income from foreign investments fell by £40,000,000, compared with the previous year, and it is estimated that there will be a still further heavy decline in receipts from this quarter this year.

We are now probably receiving at most only about £130,000,000 or so from our foreign investments compared with the £270,000,000 or so a year we used to receive in normal years.

The greater part of that reduction is, of course, due to the general world depression, but Protection here, by restricting world trade still further, has undoubtedly speeded up the decline very greatly.

But how is Protection affecting the average man? Protectionists claimed that it would increase his wages. Free Traders declared that it would increase his cost of living. Which of the two was right?

Once again it is difficult to disentangle the effect of tariffs from that of present world conditions.

Take wages. During the first six months of this year there has been a net decrease of £153,300 in the weekly wages of 1,259,000 workpeople, and net increases of £3,600 in the wages of nearly 95,000.

But last year very much the same thing was happening at much the same rate. In 1931, 2,995,000 weekly workers suffered wage reductions amounting to £404,000, and 46,000 had increases totalling £5,000.

Wage reductions and unemployment are throwing large numbers on to the rates. At the end of March there were 1,188,077 men, women and children drawing relief, which is 87,517, or 8 per cent., more than at the beginning of the year.

As to cost of living, tariffs seem to have raised prices here and there, while the deepening world slump has lowered them in other cases.

Bread, tea, sugar, tinned meat and fish, and certain sorts of fruit and vegetables have gone up in price, but butter, fresh meat, certain other sorts of fruit and vegetables, cocoa and coffee have gone down a little.

Violent variations in the London markets due to tariffs have made fruit and vegetables both dear and cheap. For instance, Belgian grapes were offered in Covent Garden at 8d. a pound dearer. French cauliflowers, which were selling in St. Malo at 6d. a dozen, cost wholesalers at Smithfield six shillings a dozen.

## Can't afford it

Strawberries were first of all offered at a shilling a pound, but the public refused to buy at such a price. The market was glutted, and at last in a panic dealers sold them at under 4d. a pound.

The same sort of thing has been happening all over the country in other markets. Boots and clothes, for example, are being sold everywhere at under cost prices. The real effect of tariffs will not be seen until the huge amounts of bankrupt stock have been disposed of.

On June 1 of this year, the cost-of-living figure was 3 per cent. lower than it was a year ago.

The general level of food prices was 4 per cent. lower. But, unfortunately, the poorest classes hardly get the benefit of this because the foodstuffs which have fallen in price are precisely those which they cannot afford to buy.

Meat consumption, which is a good indication of the standard of living, is falling rapidly in the poorer districts. According to Sir Edmund Vestey, British working people in the industrial areas are eating between 10 per cent. and 20 per cent. less meat than they were a year ago because they cannot afford even to-day's prices.

## Worker's budget

Suppose we take a working man with a wife and four children who last year was earning 50s. a week. How is he faring to-day as the result of tariffs?

Striking an average, he is now earning only £2 7s. 6d. a week, which is spent as follows:

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| Bread .. .. .. | 4 | 4½ |
| Milk .. .. .. | 3 | 0 |
| Tea .. .. .. | 1 | 6 |
| Meat, bacon, fish .. | 5 | 6 |
| Fruit and vegetables | 3 | 6 |
| Sugar .. .. .. | 1 | 0 |
| Eggs .. .. .. | 1 | 6 |
| Margarine, suet, dripping, lard .. .. | 3 | 6 |
| Flour .. .. .. | 1 | 0 |
| Soap and cleaning materials .. .. | 1 | 0 |
| Salt, pepper, mustard, etc. .. .. .. | 0 | 7½ |
| Fuel .. .. .. | 1 | 6 |
| Gas .. .. .. | 2 | 0 |
| Rent and insurances | 12 | 3 |
| Clothes (on instalment), mending materials and shoe repairs .. .. | 3 | 6 |
| Extras, including tobacco, household implements, etc. .. | 1 | 9 |
| Total .. .. .. | 2 | 7 | 6 |

Each week he will be paying about 3½d. more for bread, 1½d. more for tea, 2d. more for tinned meat and fish, 3d. more for sugar, and 1d. more for flour, so that he is 11½d. worse off on the week in addition to his wage reduction of 2s. 6d.


## DON'T MISS IT!

So many people want to see the magnificent "all star" concert at the Palladium on Sunday next, October 2, in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital £100,000 Centenary Appeal, that none but seats at 5s. 9d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. remain.

The programme is brilliant with celebrated names and there will be an auction on the stage.

Those who want tickets should act quickly and apply to Box Office, Palladium, Argyll Street, London, W., or The National Sunday League, 34, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

## Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to EARL RUSSELL

# Your LASH is Good for Us

DEAR BERTIE,—I address you as that, as your intimates do, not because I am one of them—for I have only met you once—but because it seems to me the only way out.

You see, you are now Earl Russell, although you will not use the title.

Indeed, when your brother died, and you became the Earl, you said, "I am only resigned to my title in the same sense that I am resigned to the toothache and the income-tax—as an inevitable evil."

So, sometimes they call you "Bertrand Russell." Sometimes they call you "Earl Russell." Sometimes they call you the "Honourable Bertrand Russell."

As two of these are wrong, and the other one annoys you, perhaps "Bertie" is safest.

Besides, I feel an intimate of yours after a study of your new book, "Education and the Social Order," so frankly have you disclosed what you would hate to have called your soul.

You will be attacked more than almost any man of your generation, and so, although you like attack, as do all men who oppose the evils around them, I hasten to pay tribute to your courage of mind.

Heaven knows we need some of it, in these days.

Besides, even of your views with which I profoundly differ—your sympathy with companionate marriage, for instance—I must say this, that you have given the conventional world something about which to think. Besides, frankness is so much better than all this sniggering. Even those of us who like parts of our present system need to be challenged lest, too smugly, we accept them without thought.

You hate our educational system, as do most sensible people, and you have dared to experiment yourself, running a school for children where they could do as they like, play instead of having lessons if they chose—a school where there was no cane and where the pupils could answer back!

You are an Apostle of Liberty. You are a fascinating speaker, and you are one of those atheists whose passion for the betterment of their fellows often shames conventional believers.

Yet, although you understand Einstein, when you were imprisoned, most unjustly, during the war, you read "Sexton Blake's Adventures," back numbers of which had to be searched for by your friends!

You warn us of many things—to you inevitable, to us a dreaded possibility.

You point to "another Great War which will reduce the population of Western Europe by three-quarters, and force it back to a state of barbarism by hunger and terror."

* * *

Such a warning as this is necessary when, by criminal dawdling and artful subterfuge, the British Government, like most of the other Governments of Europe, is dodging disarmament, to which it pledged itself in 1919.

You point to the logical development of our machine age—"one language, one newspaper, one wireless programme . . . a social uniformity which will make travel useless, except for the sake of scenery."

Mankind, to-day, needs the chastening lash with which you point out how Religion is often used to encourage war, how Patriotism, which should give us a national pride in the people who freed us, in the poets who sang for our exaltation, and the scientists who strived for our welfare, has been turned into a worship of the flag, a thing which is waved, not to guide man on to victory over evil, but to wholesale murder.

"Nationalism is undoubtedly the most dangerous vice of our time," you have had the courage to state, "far more dangerous than drunkenness, or drugs, or commercial dishonesty, or any of the other vices against which a conventional moral education is directed."

These are hard words.

And yet when, a year ago, we applauded the Nationalism that swept a so-called National Government into existence, we forgot that it would make Nationalism in Germany still more Nationalistic, and cause the erection of tariff walls, behind which nations would become more and more narrow.

You remind us that "the children of each nation are taught that their country is the best, and that in every country except one this proposition is false."

"Since the nations cannot agree as to which is the one where it is true," you demand that the world's history books should be drawn up by the League of Nations.

"What English boy is taught the truth about the Black and Tans in Ireland?" you ask. "What French boy is taught the truth about the occupation of the Ruhr by coloured troops? What American boy is told the facts about Sacco and Vanzetti or Mooney and Billings? Owing to such omissions, the ordinary citizen of every civilised country is wrapped in self-complacency."

* * *

We have been complacent too long. Your book should knock some of the self-satisfaction out of our minds.

One page will please, and the next page annoy like the very devil.

But the man who is most needed to-day, my dear Bertie, is a man like yourself.

The age needs strong men, and the strong men are the ones who face challenge and, who, after meeting it, are quite certain of themselves.

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**Mr. ALBERT HALSTEAD,**
***U.S.A. Consul-General in London***

DEAR SIR,—Britons are better dressed, less drunken, healthier and happier, you say, than when you first came here in 1886.

You're not the first to have noticed this.

But as you are an impartial observer, I broadcast your evidence for the enlightenment and confusion of our native Dismal Jimmies who incessantly croak about our "degeneracy."

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. T. F. COADE,**
***Bryanston School, Blandford***

DEAR HEADMASTER,—During this term, nineteen German boys and a German master will be in residence at your school, and eighteen boys and a master from Bryanston are going to Germany.

The older generation is still faltering in its step towards international friendship and peace.

I, like you, have more faith in the aspirations of youth.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. Justice CHARLES,**
***Pall Mall, London, S.W.***

MY LORD,—You were one of the first of judges to deal severely with motor bandits, and I hope your colleagues will heed your latest warning that car-stealing must be stopped with an iron hand.

You add that if only the persons who supply guns to unlicensed persons could be caught, they would not supply any more for a long time.

So I hope they will be speedily caught, and are sentenced by you.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,**
***Postmaster-General***

DEAR SIR,—Yet another mail-van driver has been fined for exceeding the speed limit, though his van was not equipped with a speedometer and he was not allowed to be late.

His counsel said that you were the real culprit.

I agree. Your department should pay the man's fine and see that all its vehicles are properly equipped.

JOHN BULL.

**Admiral Sir MICHAEL HODGES: Your retirement to make room for younger men is what I expected from a man who was youngest vice-admiral in history of Navy. But congratulations, all the same.—JOHN BULL.**

**Mr. DOUGLAS GURTON,**
***Rochester, Kent***

DEAR DOUGLAS,—While on your way to Canada to look for a job, you heard of a vacancy for a police constable in Rochester.

When your ship reached Quebec you cabled an application, caught the next boat home, and telephoned to the Chief Constable. You got the job.

Well, your example of hustling certainly deserved reward.

JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. Sir HENRY BETTERTON,**
***Minister of Labour***

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for defying the law.

A Worksop man who saved a little boy from drowning was presented with five shillings. He was out of work, and "in accordance with the law" 4s. 3d. was deducted from his "dole."

You have ordered this to be refunded.

Don't you agree that a law which lends itself to such paltry meanness should be immediately amended?

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. GRACE PAILTHORPE,**
***Harley Street, London, W.***

DEAR DOCTOR,—Your report to the Medical Research Council on the treatment of crime deserves careful consideration by the Home Secretary.

You recommend hospital treatment for certain types of criminals, supervised liberty for another class, and, in short, entirely different methods of dealing with offenders.

Well, prison treatment has failed to cure crime. We might do worse than allow doctors to tackle the problem.

JOHN BULL.

**GEORGE HENRY GASK,**
***Leicester***

ROGUE,—I am glad the police have run you to earth.

A young married man, you made a practice of taking little servant girls for a walk and decamping with their handbags, one of the meannest forms of crime.

In view of your many previous convictions, I don't think your sentence of twelve months' hard labour a day too long.

JOHN BULL.

**JAMES MORGAN GOULD,**
***Hope Street, Reading***

CAD,—Even the kindly enquiry of an old lady for your address, so that she could send you food and clothes, could not touch your callous heart.

Pleading poverty, you had called on her and begged for old newspapers you might sell. While she was getting them, you stole the ten-shilling note she had put aside to pay for her bread.

I almost pity the other criminals who will have to associate with you during your month in jail.

JOHN BULL.

**ALEWYN THOMAS, Cross Hands: Though badly gassed yourself, you rescued fellow-worker from gas-filled mine. You won D.C.M. and M.M. in war. Your heroism in peace also deserves award.—JOHN BULL.**

**Mr. STEPHEN MACKENZIE,**
***Dorking, Surrey***

LOUT,—You and your friend, Roger Pinsent, have each had to pay £5 for daubing a pillar box and a house front with paint.

You are a Cambridge undergraduate and Pinsent is a public school boy.

Had I not known this, I should have thought that the pair of you attended a kindergarten.

JOHN BULL.

# A. G. GARDINER DEMANDS—

# SACK SIR JOHN SIMON!

*Sir John Simon must walk out of the Foreign Office—and never return, says A.G.G.*

IT is safe, I think, to assume that by the time these lines appear Sir Herbert Samuel and his group will have left the Government. If that is so, Mr. MacDonald will have to reconstruct his Ministry. It will have shed almost its last claim to be a National Government, for Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Thomas do not represent any voting power in the country, and Sir John Simon and Mr. Runciman are disowned by organised Liberalism.

The Government will become frankly what it has always been in effect, a Conservative Government, and the reconstruction cannot fail to be on those lines. It will be a pretty thorough overhaul, for, apart from Sir Herbert's group, Lord Snowden disappears and the rearrangement of offices will go far.

## *Worst peril*

It is to be hoped that it will include the occupant of the Foreign Office. The Government has its good points, its bad points, and its indifferent points.

But there is one point, and that the most critical of all in the present state of the world, in which it is a peril of the worst order. The Foreign Office under Sir John Simon has reached a depth of ineptitude that seems well-nigh fathomless.

It was said by Johnson of Goldsmith that he touched nothing that he did not adorn. That was because he touched nothing he could not do. The misfortune in the case of Sir John Simon is that he has undertaken a task for which he is congenitally unfitted.

This does not, of course, mean that he is wanting in gifts. Few men living are more variously gifted. He is by general consent the greatest advocate of his time. His lucidity of speech is unrivalled, and he can unravel the most complex tangle of the law "familiar as his garter." He has industry, subtlety and a multitude of other virtues.

But he is first, last and always a lawyer. He thinks in terms of scoring points and winning dialectical victories. If he can overthrow an opponent on a quibble he is content, and he is more concerned to get the verdict than to execute justice.

He is shy and timorous where great issues are at stake, and takes refuge from them in the legal pedantries in which he is at home and in which he is master. His chilly spirit is unresponsive to the grand motives of human action and his vision is petty, parochial and self-regarding.

Balfour said of him that "he is a great man in small things and a small man in great things," and his whole career is a witness to the truth of that estimate.

The appointment of so inadequate a man to the Foreign Office was a calamity. There is no position in which mere cleverness is more dangerous and spaciousness of vision and breadth of understanding more essential.

Mr. Henderson did not write clever notes or entangle himself in little legalities, but he was an admirable Foreign Minister because he saw things in the large, had the statesman's vision and won the respect of his foreign colleagues by the candour of his mind and the directness of his action. Under his tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship this country had begun to recover its authority and influence in the councils of Europe and the world.

But all the ground Mr. Henderson had won and much more has been lost under the feeble administration of Sir John Simon. He has touched nothing that he has not mishandled.

## *Disastrous timidity*

Take the Manchurian affair. If there had been a strong lead to Europe from this country at the beginning of that crime the world to-day would not be presented with the terrific problem that now confronts it—Japan in full possession of the stolen territory, conscious master of China and the Far East, flourishing its defiance in the face of the whole Western civilisation.

Sir John Simon not merely failed to give Europe a lead. He encouraged Japan to believe that she had nothing to fear. For when the United States warned Japan that she would not recognise any change in the status of Manchuria as the result of Japan's invasion, he gave no endorsement to the warning.

Like Brer Rabbit, he "jes' lay low and say nuffin." He left Japan to assume that she could go ahead without fear of challenge, and the infamous attack on Shanghai, the annexation of Manchuria and the appropriation of the Customs followed.

It was only when the Assembly of the League met, and only at the instigation of the small countries, that the Lytton Commission was sent out to enquire. So far as this country is concerned it has done nothing to meet a menace which involves the whole future of Asia.

## *Lost opportunity*

Or turn to the lamentable fiasco of the Disarmament Conference. It might have done much, for the French elections had put a more reasonable Government in office and a bold policy of disarmament pressed forward by this country could hardly have been resisted.

But the policy which Sir John Simon proposed was a policy that might have emanated from the French armament firms and the Jingo Paris Press. It submerged the whole question of armaments in a squabble over technical details of what constituted aggressive and non-aggressive weapons of war. By this device Sir John, as usual, avoided the great issue and left the conference floundering in a sea of irrelevancies.

And when President Hoover, to save the conference from disaster, proposed his clean cut, our precious Foreign Secretary said it was "interesting," and for the second time succeeded in flouting America when it was trying to give the lead that he ought to have given.

What was the result? Another fillip to Hitlerism in Germany, the collapse of Parliamentary government there, the establishment of a dictatorship, Germany's withdrawal from the conference and her announcement that since Europe refuses to disarm she will exercise her right to re-arm.

And having brought all this to pass, Sir John sends a note of rebuke to Germany in which he makes the niggling lawyer's point that general disarmament was not the *condition* of German disarmament, but its *consequence*.

No wonder, as the *Times* Paris correspondent says, French opinion *on the Right* is mollified, and "the Paris Press of all parties notes the similarity of French and British views and expresses satisfaction that hopes of support from London have not been disappointed."

## *The Premier's place*

So we are back to the support of the worst elements in French militarism.

We have snubbed America which has made disarmament the condition of debt cancellation. We have watered down the preamble to the Peace Treaty until disarmament means anything we choose to make it mean. We have goaded Germany to the point of re-arming in defiance of the Treaty we have refused to honour.

If this drift to ruin is to be stopped there must be a new spirit in our foreign policy. Sir John Simon's failure is open and palpable, and Mr. MacDonald should seize the opportunity the reconstruction of his Cabinet gives him of transferring him to some office he is fitted to fill.

The position is so grave that the Prime Minister himself ought to take the Foreign Office in hand.

*Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. Gandhi upholds—*

# The Right to Wrongs

I MAY be wrong, or I may be right;
Some call me a saint and some a fakir,
To butchers I never have brought delight,
Nor am I popular with the baker.
But whether I'm right or whether I'm wrong,
The stage is set and the play is cast;
It may be a farce or a drama strong,
But here in the limelight I mean to fast.

They've thrown wide open the prison gates,
But in my cell I'm resolved to linger;
Although surrounded by luscious dates,
Not toward one will I stretch a finger.
The vow I have made I intend to keep,
And never a morsel will pass my throat—
Of obstinate tactics I've learned a heap
By watching the ways of my fav'rite goat!

You must excuse me if my address is a brief one, but just at the moment I am feeling almost too full for words.

This is the result not only of emotion, but of a more than usually heavy meal, consisting of wholemeal bread, dates, tomatoes, oranges, curd, and lemon juice and soda, for I decided that a feast was advisable before nailing my colours to the fast.

Now, having finished my banquet and obtained a new set of false teeth, I am ready to bear the burden (but not the eat) of the day, however comic my tactics may seem to those who think that my fast is merely a method of playing fast and loose with common sense.

My grievances against the British authorities have now assumed such formidable dimensions that vigorous inaction upon my part is called for.

* * *

Even when I announced my intention of fasting unto death in Yervada Jail, the Government went out of its way to annoy me by trying to set me free! And at this very moment negotiations are afoot which, if successful, will rob me of all excuse for continuing my fast.

Needless to say, I will not allow myself to be set at liberty. The way the British authorities have tried to inflict freedom on me is on a par with their dastardly attempt to force the franchise on the Untouchables. Both actions are merely further examples of British tyranny.

Admittedly, the spokesmen of the Untouchables do not seem to share my view, but this is because they are poor, uneducated people who have not mastered the intricacies of aristocratic Hindu logic.

These uncultured brethren seem to think that because they asked for the right to vote and have now been given it their grievance is at an end.

If they appreciated the true Hindu philosophy, as expounded by me, they would know that every right granted by the British Government automatically becomes a wrong.

Do you wonder I fast and pray
When Britain acts in this shameful way
With a care that is most meticulous?
Giving my countrymen what they ask
And robbing me of my self-sought task,
It really is most ridiculous!
Are you surprised that I frown and fret?
For I have not managed to think of yet
Some questions new to raise Cain about!
Of many a grievance I've been bereft,
And if this goes on I shall soon be left
Without a thing to complain about!

## SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS *Hits Out at a—*

# BOGUS £1,000,000 TRUST

IT was gratifying to be told at a function attended by several leading bankers that my exposures of dubious company ventures are followed with great interest in City circles; but it is still more gratifying to know that my warnings are of real use to my readers.

Letters of thanks reach me daily and I am being asked constantly to continue to shed light on financial enterprises that are in any way unsound.

"I am glad," writes one such correspondent, referring to a recent exposure of a financial ramp, "that there is one newspaper with the courage to deal frankly with urgent matters like this.

"You have opened the eyes of shareholders like me more than I can say to the real position of affairs. We had no idea such things were going on in the company—our thanks cannot be measured in words. . . ."

I have to deal with a queer £1,000,000 venture this week—a venture which has been the subject of many enquiries and enjoys the important title of the International Trust Co., Ltd.

Boasting offices in one of London's most modern and well-appointed buildings—Dorland House, Regent Street, W., this Trust issues literature that is the last word in impressiveness.

## Clients regret

According to an inscription on the choicely embossed business notepaper of the Trust, it functions as "bankers" with a capital of £1,000,000.

Anyone might therefore be forgiven for concluding that it is an organisation of considerable standing.

But, from investigations I have made, I can say at once that such is not the case.

I can go farther and reveal that the £1,000,000 Trust is absolutely bogus, as many unfortunate people now know to their regret.

In its exalted position as international bankers, this alleged million-pound enterprise has been offering for some time to raise capital to finance sound commercial propositions. It has also offered to assist in the flotation of new limited liability companies.

Representatives have talked highly of its alleged financial resources. They have suggested to clients that no proposition could be too small or too big for its consideration.

But what has been the actual experience of clients who have entrusted this organisation with the formation of companies and the provision of capital? I know of several who found the results very different from those so confidently promised.

In some cases, the details of which are before me, large sums of money have been paid over to the Trust for preliminary expenses.

But the transactions have been far from satisfactory, and certain clients have sought redress in vain.

## Old—and new

Complaints from people who have had unsatisfactory dealings with the Trust are now accumulating, and I find that the gravity of its financial position recently led to the presentation of a petition for its compulsory winding-up.

It is true that, at the last moment, this petition was withdrawn, but its preparation throws a strong light on the actual position of the Trust.

The International Trust, which boasts branch offices in Madrid and San Sebastian, was actually formed in Jersey ten years ago.

Its original aims and objects were never realised, and until last year it did little or no business and was to all intents and purposes dormant.

Then it was suddenly re-registered in the Companies Department at Somerset House as an English company.

It commenced its £1,000,000 banking operations and capital-raising campaign in the summer of last year.

Its boasted million-pound backing should not be taken seriously, for the actual capital recorded in the last available official return prior to the Trust's resuscitation showed that its paid-up capital was only just over £20!

*Behind their impressive Regent Street headquarters three financiers guide the destinies of this Trust*

A very active member of this alleged million Trust on its English reincarnation was a Mr. Robert John McVicar.

This gentleman, I find, has had business addresses at Finsbury Pavement House, E.C.; Yeoman House, Haymarket, S.W.; St. Helens Place, E.C.; Piccadilly, S.W., and Brunswick Square, Hove, Sussex.

He interviewed some of the clients who are now complaining so bitterly of the Trust's shortcomings.

## Speculation

I have discovered that he has a record in the City as a speculative financier, and was compelled some time ago to face the Bankruptcy Court with liabilities of £13,048. His assets realised £30!

His bankruptcy was due to reckless speculation in underwriting circles, one instance being in connection with a disastrous concern known as the American and Dominion Unbreakable Records, Ltd., in which many lost heavily.

County court judgments have been registered against him from time to time, too, so it is difficult to understand his qualifications for presiding over any financial Trust.

McVicar's name no longer figures among the directors of this Trust. Actively associated with it at present is a Mr. George Harold Beck, who likewise has had judgments registered against him.

Beck is also the leading light of another company at Dorland House called the Moorgate Mercantile Trust, Ltd.

Originally, too, Beck's co-director in the latter company was a financier named Ernest Devereux, who is well known in certain City circles and who was adjudicated bankrupt only a few months ago with liabilities running into thousands of pounds.

Nor is that all.

Also associated with this bogus £1,000,000 Trust is a company promoter named Quilliam, whose name figures nowhere in the Trust's literature.

He blushes unseen in the background, but is very active in directing the Trust's affairs.

At the moment it is busily engaged in trying to raise money for a gold-mining venture in Victoria, Australia, which, it states, is to have an authorised capital of £500,000.

Suggesting that people can add materially to their income, the Trust has latterly been seeking in a most unorthodox manner to induce investors to furnish money for underwriting purposes.

I have personally never heard of such an absurd proposition, and, even if the Trust were absolutely sound in all respects, the greatest caution would be necessary before investing in this most speculative fashion.

It really means that investors would be underwriting liabilities that might easily end by diminishing rather than increasing their incomes!

And is it not surprising that a Trust that boasts a capital of £1,000,000 should be so anxious to find ordinary members of the public to underwrite for it?

From these facts it should be clear to my readers that any proposition emanating from this Trust, or its associated companies, should be left severely alone.

# NON-STOP *Roguery*

A CROOK who changes his rôle almost daily is very active in the provinces just now, defrauding property-owners and tradespeople in a very ingenious fashion.

A gifted actor, he poses variously as a colonel, a police officer, a medical practitioner, a company director, a journalist and an official from Somerset House.

As Mr. Herbert Hardy, he arrived in Slough by car the other day, and, representing himself as the prospective purchaser of some land in that locality, negotiated for a flat which he said he would require for a month or so until his land deal was concluded.

But he was in no hurry to make up his mind. He asked innumerable questions, raised various objections, and generally gave the impression that though he was taking the flat, it was far from being his ideal.

In this way he commanded respect, and he played the same cards later when calling upon tradespeople. Complaining bitterly of the poor way in which his temporary home was furnished, he ordered all sorts of additional articles for his comfort.

When paying for these goods he pretended that he was waiting for his personal banking account to be transferred.

In every case he tendered a cheque made out in his own favour and signed, apparently, by someone of high standing. In every case, too, these cheques happened to be for sums in excess of his purchases, so that he collected change in cash.

Long before these cheques came back dishonoured Hardy had passed on to another town to repeat similar frauds in a new alias.

The names he has used lately are endless. He has been "Doctor Walls," "Captain Carr" and plain "Mr. H. C. Childs" and "H. Day."

At Great Missenden he not only defrauded local shopkeepers, but also pocketed various valuables from a flat he had agreed to rent.

In recent weeks he has negotiated for all sorts of house property, sometimes actually signing all the necessary documents and going so far as to plan elaborate alterations as soon as he has "settled down."

But he never does settle, and some idea of the ground he covers will be grasped when we say that he is as much wanted in Scotland as he is in England


## GREAT LOVERS
### —*Free Film Portfolio*

To-day, in celebration of the opening of the big film season, the *Picturegoer* makes a superb free presentation to its readers which will astonish and delight all film lovers.

Inside every copy of the *Picturegoer*—out to-day and on sale everywhere—is a gorgeous art portfolio containing twenty-four exquisite art plates of "The Greatest Lovers of the Screen." It is the most original souvenir of Filmland's screen partners that has ever been produced.

Here is a fascinating and permanent portrait gallery that will give you many hours of pleasure. Superbly portrayed in rich, velvety photogravure are such screen lovers as Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, Sylvia Sydney and Frederic March, Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

There is a copy of this portfolio waiting for you, in the *Picturegoer*. But you must act very promptly to obtain it; there will be a colossal demand.

# STARVED BY OFFICIAL BLUNDER

*THIS mask helps to safeguard workers against the insidious attack of the dreaded silicosis. Yet still it claims its victims . . .*

# OUTRAGE on Bereaved Family

TO countless workers in important British industries the most dreaded word in the language is "silicosis."

This is the vicious, uncheckable disease that brings cruel disablement and often death from irritant injury of the lungs produced by the dusts released in mining and manufacturing processes.

Parliament has provided special legislation for its victims, realising that this menace cannot be dealt with adequately by the ordinary principles of workmen's compensation.

Employers in the affected industries must contribute to a special compensation fund, and every worker has to be examined periodically by a statutory medical board.

Only last year the Home Office issued an elaborate scheme by which the dependents of men who died would apply by new procedure for the scales of compensation to which they are entitled.

It is so elaborate that the officials who administer the scheme have become hopelessly entangled in it, and women and children who have lost their breadwinners and fathers are destitute and starving.

They cannot obtain one penny of the generous compensation which Parliament intended should be paid to them.

## *Price of folly*

We invite our readers to examine the case of Walter Fawell, of Crook, County Durham. When they do so they will realise the extent to which the rightful claims of the wives and children of men who die for industry can be jeopardised and refused as a result of the blunders of officials in the Civil Service.

Walter Fawell died from silicosis. A coroner and his jury had no doubt about it from the medical evidence presented, and they returned a unanimous verdict to that effect.

He contracted the disease because he was employed in an industry in which the material manipulated contained more than 80 per cent. of silica.

His wife and five children are entitled to receive £600 as compensation. They have been refused it. They are in dire poverty and subsisting only upon charity.

Why?

Because, *through the mistakes of Government officials*, they were unable to comply with the elaborate scheme which the Home Office recently designed to improve an Act of Parliament.

This scheme demands that the dependents of a worker whose death is believed to have been caused by silicosis shall apply to an appointed medical board to conduct a post-mortem examination and to issue a certificate.

## *Mysterious board*

When Fawell died, everyone—his wife, his employers and his trade union—knew that this was the correct procedure. They had learned the fact from newspaper announcements.

Where was the medical board to be found? No one could answer the question. No one knew. No one had been told.

So the coroner instructed the doctor who attended Fawell in the illness before his death to conduct the post-mortem examination. We have the report of that examination before us.

No document could be clearer in its terms, more emphatic, or more precise. Fawell's death was directly due to silicosis.

Before he completed his enquiry the coroner was able to trace down the mysterious medical board to a town sixty miles away, and had some of Fawell's organs sent to it for examination.

The board replied that it would not agree that Fawell's death was attributable to silicosis, although the disease had been found present in an "early degree."

This report was submitted to the inquest jury, who declined to accept it. The evidence of the actual post-mortem examination was much more reliable, comprehensive and exact, and without hesitation the verdict was given that Fawell died from silicosis.

But in the eyes of the Home Office officials the finding of the coroner's court is worthless. They say that the regulations they have made require that the medical board should have conducted the post-mortem examination and that Fawell's wife and children cannot receive compensation because the board has not issued a certificate that he died from silicosis.

Fawell's dependents, they add, should have had no difficulty in communicating with the medical board, because the names of its members and headquarters are in the personal register of his industrial and medical history which every worker is compelled to keep.

This is untrue.

## *How can they tell?*

As soon as the Home Office made this statement meetings of workers in the silica industries were summoned and every man was asked to produce his register.

*Not one contained the slightest hint as to the identity or whereabouts of any medical board or any address to which any communication could be sent.*

How, then, could Fawell's wife, employers, or trade union possibly have asked the medical board to conduct the post-mortem examination?

The sorry truth is that the Home Office, when issuing its elaborate scheme, omitted to take steps to have the workers supplied with the new registers containing its regulations and instructions.

A few days ago JOHN BULL sent a representative into the district where Fawell died. He called at random upon forty workers engaged in the industries in which silicosis is contracted, and asked to see their registers.

*Not one of them contained a single word of information about medical boards, their duties or their location.*

As a second line of defence, the Home Office declares that even until to-day no application has been made to its medical board for a certificate that Fawell's death was caused by silicosis.

## *No redress*

This is another untruth, more monstrous than the first.

After Fawell's death, the solicitor acting for his family received from the medical board itself an official letter stating that it would be useless to apply for the necessary certificate *because the board did not intend to grant one!*

The basic principle of workmen's compensation in this country is that appeal can be made to the highest courts, even to the Law Lords.

In Fawell's case it has been found that the new Home Office regulations are such that silicosis victims or their dependents cannot go to any court for redress. The last word is with those who designed the regulations.

It is intolerable that a verdict of His Majesty's coroner and jury and a registered death certificate should be treated with contempt by Government officials who have been found out in crass stupidity and who have ordained that there cannot even be appeal to our judges against their decisions.

Mrs. Fawell and her five children are starving.

And soon there will be thousands of widows and fatherless children in similar plight if this official attitude is maintained.

For the sake of the families of the workers who have yet to suffer and die from the dreaded silicosis, JOHN BULL demands that this scandal should be dealt with early in the new session of Parliament.

# A TREASURE BUBBLE BURSTS

A DOCUMENT marked "Private and confidential" and "Copyright" is now being circulated from an office in Baltic Chambers, 19, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

It purports to furnish a history of locations "to be investigated by a new scientific expedition," and is addressed primarily to those who are, or propose to be, financially interested in the venture.

All enquiries, it seems, are to be made to Commander C. W. Forbes, R.D., who is described as "manager" for this new "scientific search" for "certain immensely valuable deposits of precious metals" in Central America and islands in the Pacific Ocean.

When funds have been obtained it is intended to equip a vessel and to secure the exclusive rights for using an electrical apparatus, said to be of exceptional value in locating "with absolute exactitude the presence and extent of deposits of minerals in the earth."

The booklet now being issued purports to relate to eleven separate treasure locations. There is a story told to the British Admiralty in 1813 by a sailor named Christian Cruse; there is the deathbed confession of an unnamed pirate in New York; there is talk of a Spanish galleon's cargo of gold; there are colourful tales of the buccaneers of old.

Altogether, it is estimated that the total amount of treasure recoverable is in the region of £15,000,000.

At first sight it appears very arresting, but a closer examination of the literature reveals that this so-called "New Scientific Expedition" is really an old scheme in fresh guise.

It turns out that everything is based upon former expeditions by that tireless and tenacious treasure-seeker, Lieutenant Kealey.

And, strange to tell, the optimistic Commander Forbes is in no wise discouraged because all this redoubtable lieutenant's past efforts have proved abortive. He is confident of an "immense and immediate success!"

Lieutenant Kealey was equally confident when asking for financial support a number of years ago; but only last June we revealed how he was making fresh appeals for funds, although original supporters were still waiting for the golden profits that had been promised.

Apparently this last appeal was a failure, so with the assistance of Commander Forbes the ancient scheme has been submitted to a course of rejuvenation treatment with the object of testing the credulity of the investing public still further.

But the public is not told why the chances of success should be greater under Commander Forbes' management, or, indeed, what qualifications he possesses for controlling this £15,000,000 venture.

Meanwhile, our opinion of this proposition is unchanged, and the fact that many thousands of pounds have been sunk by investors in past expeditions without result should be sufficient to deter others from risking their money in the same way.

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Engineering, All branches, subjects and examinations
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Mining, all subjects
Mining, Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
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Police, Special Course
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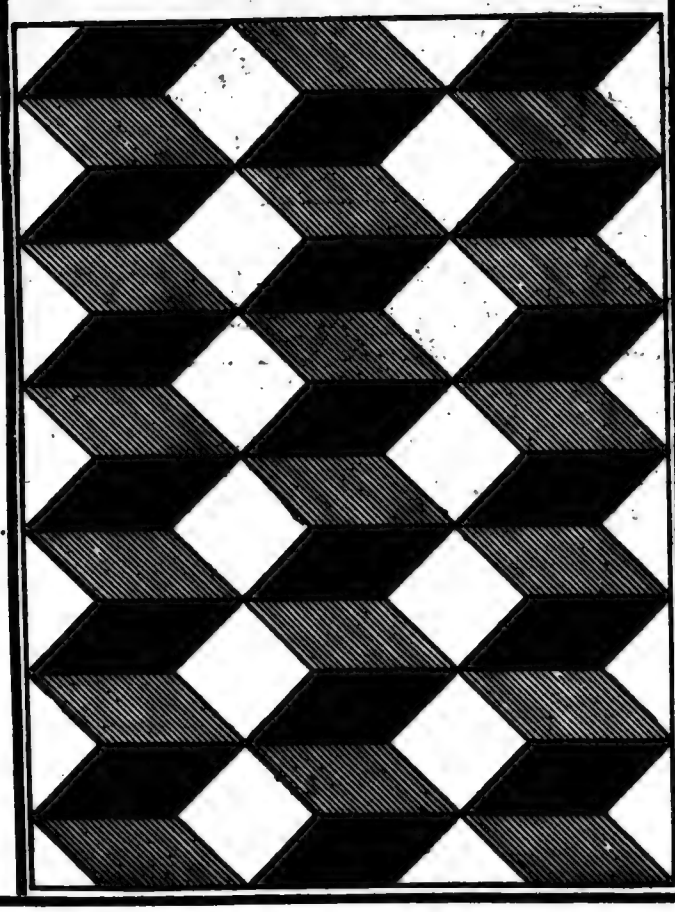

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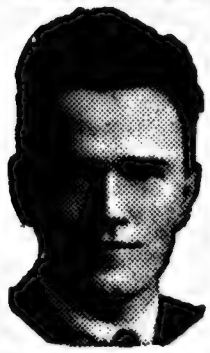
## What Made His HAIR GROW?

**Read His Letter for the Answer.**



"Two years ago I was bald all over the top of my head.

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New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

# Politician's MEAN FRAUDS

*When election fever grips the crowd. Mr. Taylor is in his element. But, afterwards—!*

WE are able to reveal the amazing story of a rogue who, although his shady methods have more than once landed him in difficulties, has been able to impose upon people of the highest standing.

He is such a master of bluff that he has actually succeeded in becoming an agent in at least two important political parties.

He is Arnold Taylor, and is aged about thirty-one.

Pale-faced and slightly under middle height, he is not an imposing figure physically, but so great is his plausibility that he has induced a number of titled people to accept him at his own valuation.

He has secured positions of considerable political importance and through them has obtained letters from men of standing.

Taylor has not scrupled to use these letters so as to make it appear that he is a personal and even intimate friend of the writers.

Some he has had framed, and these he hangs in a prominent position wherever he stays, and so impresses his dupes that he is a man of integrity and importance.

Although Taylor has held positions with at least one peer and several Members of Parliament, we can here expose him as one who has made a practice of enriching himself at the expense of his many dupes.

In addition to his political exploits, he has wormed his way into the best theatrical circles and, for a time, enjoyed the confidence and friendship of a famous actress.

Giving his occupation as an organiser in one important political party, he succeeded in getting a big quantity of goods from a well-known West End furnishing house on hire purchase.

At this time he was living at an address in the City of London and he had the furniture delivered there.

He paid one instalment on the goods and then had them secretly transferred to a lock-up shop, while he moved his own effects to Canvey Island, off Southend-on-Sea.

## Sold!

His next move was to interview a firm of auctioneers and arrange with it to sell the furniture stored in the lock-up shop from its auction-rooms. Of course, he lyingly represented the goods as being his own property.

Having completed this neat coup, Taylor promptly disappeared.

When the furnishing firm found that he had decamped, it started to trace his movements, and as a result of its enquiries was able to establish its ownership to the goods, which by this time had been sold by auction.

It was necessary to effect a compromise with the auctioneers, who had naturally acted in good faith. Both firms lost considerable sums of money in consequence and are now anxiously endeavouring to trace this audacious fellow.

Nor are they alone in their quest.

Not satisfied with one success in this direction, Taylor victimised another big West End firm for a large sum. Here, too, he succeeded in establishing credit.

With characteristic bluff, he secured delivery of an expensive article and then disappeared without paying the bill.

Disappearing is, apparently, a favourite trick of this man, who has the astonishing effrontery to take up public and semi-public positions. His addresses in and around London have been legion, while he has also flitted around the North of England. And in some instances he has left rent unpaid.

Some of his dupes incline to the belief that he hails from Lancashire. He has sometimes given his home address as being in Clitheroe.

One woman, however, who wrote there had her letters returned marked "Gone away." She has a shrewd suspicion that the marking was done in Taylor's own handwriting.

Be that as it may, Taylor is not now to be found at that address as several dupes are very well aware to their great regret.

Friendship is no bar to his depredations. Among his victims is a young man who had repeatedly befriended him.

Over a period he had mulcted this young man, with whom he had latterly shared a flat, of many "loans." Not content with this, when he contemplated his present disappearance, Taylor induced his friend to cash a cheque for him.

He immediately stopped payment of the cheque and left the flat, owing a portion of the rent and taking with him some of his friend's property.

A county court summons was taken out against him, but Taylor had vanished and the bailiff was unable to serve it.

Although his plausibility has served Taylor well, and he has shown great ingenuity in extricating himself from difficult situations, he has not always got away too easily.

## Unabashed

The use of one political employer's name once landed him in a position where the consequences might have ended very seriously indeed.

Even in this instance his effrontery enabled him to secure the good offices of one of the influential people he was, at the very same time, victimising, and he finally wriggled out of his difficulties to the amazement of many.

But, unabashed by this experience, Taylor immediately engaged in more ambitious exploits.

Not long ago, in fact, he actually went through a political campaign unsuspected, and succeeded in gaining the thanks of the political party that employed him.

This thanks he turned to his own uses, making it appear that he was a personal friend of highly placed persons who had merely courteously thanked him for doing what he had been paid to do.

## Where is he?

Latterly, however, he has contrived to keep his whereabouts secret. What he is now doing and where he is operating none of his victims have been able to discover.

This exposure of his methods, with the impressive letters that give him his spurious standing, will, if he continues to use them, prove his undoing.

Thus hampered, it is unlikely he can remain in obscurity indefinitely. The sooner an end is put to this impostor's career the better.

## MR. WILLIAM BUTLIN
### —An Apology

In connection with an article under the heading "Fun Fair King Exposed" in last week's issue, it has been pointed out to us that the name of Butlin appeared in the photograph which accompanied the article and that readers might rush to the conclusion that the article referred to Mr. William Butlin.

We wish at once to make it perfectly clear that Mr. Butlin, who is well and favourably known in the Amusement World, has no connection whatsoever with the individuals criticised in the article and we had no intention of criticising him in any way.

We offer to him our apologies for the manner in which his name inadvertently appeared in the photograph and regret that in that way it came to be associated with an article which referred to other persons with whom we are told and believe Mr. Butlin has no connection whatsoever.

*Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

# The Art of Living

"THE key to life," says a great teacher, "is contribution." The meaning of the saying is that not only do we need one another at every stage of our existence, but that to get the best out of life we must keep on giving ourselves. This is a law of our nature, and we cannot be happy and satisfied except in conforming to it.

The worst feature of chronic unemployment is that it deprives men and women of an essential of the best kind of life, the ability to contribute to the common good. The deprivation is far more deadly than poverty alone.

Yet many people fail to realise this, and they develop an anti-social temper which strengthens as they grow older.

One JOHN BULL reader tells me, for instance, that he has learned by experience that the less he has to do with the world the better.

He is utterly wrong, and the spirit in which he writes shows it. I should say that the more he has to do with the world the better, for it will keep him from morbid brooding on himself and his troubles. A self-enclosed life is a diseased life.

* * *

People with a grudge against society have a curiously twisted idea of their own interest. They could not live a week without society.

The very criminal who preys on society was once a helpless child who had to be fed and clothed by others, and there were others willing to do it or he would not be here.

He avails himself of the resources of society in warring against it. If everyone else suddenly decided to do the same, we should quickly commit race suicide.

The young fellow who walked into a shop in Oxford Street, London, the other day, and held up the staff at the point of a revolver while he robbed the till, justifies his action on the ground that as society denies him the chance to earn a living, he will take what he needs by force.

Yet the very money he steals has no value except in an ordered community, and he cannot make use of it except as the recognised symbol of mutual trust and confidence.

The anti-social spirit manifests in other ways. The gambling tout who persuades poor people to part with their wages for a racing tip is a social pest, draining the nation's vitality.

* * *

A Glasgow reader tells me that in that great city children are going hungry because their mothers are feeding racing dogs with the children's food.

This is damnable wickedness, the outcome of the craving to get something for nothing, which at bottom is just the same thing as the behaviour of bandit and burglar.

You and I, reader, must do more than condemn the error thus illustrated; we must take care to avoid it ourselves. For your own sake, if nothing more, keep alive in your heart a friendly and unselfish interest in your fellow-creatures.

You cannot afford to do otherwise, for if you do, you hurt your own soul and will come to hate your own company.

At the worst there is always something you can do to help the world along, to ease another's burden, to impart new hope to the discouraged, to comfort the sad and afflicted. And, however hard your lot, it will never be dark and cheerless while its background is love.

# Like the Girl Bride, Mrs. Pawley . .

*Three months after her marriage, eighteen-year-old Mrs. Pawley was kidnapped in Manchuria. Her tragic cry which reached civilisation was: "For God's sake, deliver me from this living hell!"*

NONE but those of us who have suffered a like horror can fully realise what it means to undergo the terrible experience that befel the girl bride, Mrs. Muriel Pawley, and her companion, Mr. Charles Corkran, the son of Major-General Sir Charles Corkran, when they were kidnapped by Chinese bandits in Manchuria and held to ransom.

Day by day, week by week, hoping for the best but hourly expecting the worst while waiting for the ransom to be paid, the kidnapped victim of this brutal form of outlawry lives through an ordeal that has no parallel in civilised society.

You, sitting in your armchair at home, reading of these kidnappings, of the alternating news of hope and despair, of the helplessness of the authorities to deal out swift justice to the diabolical offenders or to rescue their victims, may well be indignant that such things are possible.

But they are—to a far greater extent than perhaps you realise.

## *Slow torture*

For every outrage like that of Mrs. Pawley, of which the news is broadcast to the world, there are dozens that are never heard of—cases of European missionaries and others who, in the outposts of lawless China, and now farther north in Manchuria, are carried off from their posts and homes, held captive for months on end, and sometimes are never heard of again.

Their brigand captors set no great store by human life. They gloat over your physical and mental torture. They threaten you in language which may be described as celestial. They call you "honoured guest," or "rich mutton." Night and morning they warn you, by a terrible process of slow torture, that unless a ransom is soon forthcoming, then it will be death.

I know because I was kidnapped by Chinese brigands and kept in a mountain stronghold for twenty-seven days. And my release, as I shall reveal, was due just to good luck. Otherwise I might not be here now to tell this story of the hell I went through.

## *Close to death*

As I sit in my London home to-day memories of those twenty-seven days of agony still haunt me. I shudder when I remember how close I came to sudden death.

These Chinese bandits live up to their name. They are just callous robbers. They know no god, they show no mercy. They live for opium and gambling — gambling with money or human lives. There is nothing romantic about them.

At the time I was kidnapped I was at a mission station in the northern regions of China, close to the Manchurian border.

The whole territory was in a chronic state of unrest, with civil war raging in various provinces, with robber bands, the dregs of beaten organised forces, holding up vast countrysides.

It was not safe to travel in the remote districts except in large parties with an escort of "soldiers." Even then these "soldiers" were usually in league with one or other tribe of bandits or else willing to go fifty-fifty with them in any ransom that could be raised from the unfortunate victim of a kidnapping.

The mission station was a collection of low buildings made with earth bricks set in a compound. There were various houses, a school, a small hospital, and a church. Quite close was an ordinary native village, and scattered among the desolate fields were the remains of once prosperous farms.

Civil war and banditry had laid a heavy hand on this vast district. The fields were all overgrown with weeds and undergrowth, and there was no food for the people.

Our mission station was filled with provisions and supplies, and the principal activities of the missionaries and their wives were confined to relief of famine. Without their aid thousands of Chinese must have died.

## *The massacre*

Such a state of affairs is by no means unusual in the interior of China. Famine is always stalking the land. A crop fails and thousands starve to death. Now wars and bandits have added their quota of death by burning the rice and cornfields and destroying the farms.

Outside our compound all was bleak and sinister. The winter was approaching, and there was nothing to do except keep a grim face to the future. There were a dozen white people and a couple of hundred Christian Chinese. The remainder were ordinary nondescript natives.

Now, one of the most curious facts about the interior of China in these days of unrest is that rumour travels swifter than any telegraph. Two or three days before the bandits descended on us, there had been hushed whispers in the native village that robbers were coming down from the hills. We could do nothing but wait their coming.

They came with the dawn one bitterly cold morning. You could see their heads above the undergrowth creeping gradually nearer, rather like you hear of tales of surprise attacks in story books. But this was grim reality.

Presently, after the alarm was given, shots rang out above the compound, and within a few minutes the whole place swarmed with robbers. Whether they were admitted by treachery or not, we never found out.

Within half an hour the whole place was in flames. The fusillade had killed scores of the native Chinese, and we could hear the cries of agony as men and women were ruthlessly knifed in trying to defend their property.

We Europeans were left to the last.

## *Carried off*

Then about a score of armed men approached the first house, led by a stocky little man in the grey uniform of a Chinese captain. The chief missionary spoke to him, and after a long palaver explained that he had no arms and ammunition, and very little money.

The bandit captain refused to believe his story, and when the native cook, Chang, went on his knees and said that the missionary was speaking the truth he was kicked in the face by the gallant captain for his pains.

The bandits went into the house and looted everything. They took every stitch of men and women's clothing they could find, and not content with that made every man give up his coat and substitute pieces of ragged cloth.

We women thought we would be spared. Not so. We had fur coats owing to the intense cold. They took them all and we were left with just enough clothing to cover our bodies—no more.

The bandits then retired for a while to complete the sacking of the native village, and when they returned they were all wearing the various garments, both male and female, they had looted from our European settlement.

The captain then ordered his band together and gave long instructions. Half a dozen of the most evil-looking men I have ever seen came to us with hemp ropes, and ropes made from twisted, torn sheets. We were all bound with our hands behind our backs.

Two of the robbers lifted me on a donkey, and the two other women, the wives of missionaries, were treated in the same way.

Our men folk were prodded in the back with the butt end of rifles and hurried along ahead. The natives whom the bandits had decided to kidnap were goaded in their progress by pricks of curved swords. The rest were left behind in the desolate village to die of starvation.

That day we travelled twenty miles.

The missionaries were forced to walk in Chinese shoes, having been forced to give up their European leather ones. By the end of the day their feet were covered in blood.

As for us women, it was agony sitting on the backs of donkeys with our hands tied behind our backs. The only food given us was some coarse red rice and soup made from bits of celery.

In the evening the captain came to us and said we were "sheep," but very precious "sheep," because we would not be released until a reward, equivalent in our money to £10,000, had been paid for each of us.

He told us we were honoured "guests." We must have the best portion of each dish. We must have the best accommodation. I shall never forget the venom he put into those words, the torture which he knew he was inflicting.

## *Grim warning*

We slept in little huts that night, strewn with verminous straw. There was just enough room to lie down, and we had no privacy. Armed robbers sat at the entrance to the huts throughout the night.

We could hear the brigands quarrelling during the night hours over cards, for gambling is one of the great curses of modern China.

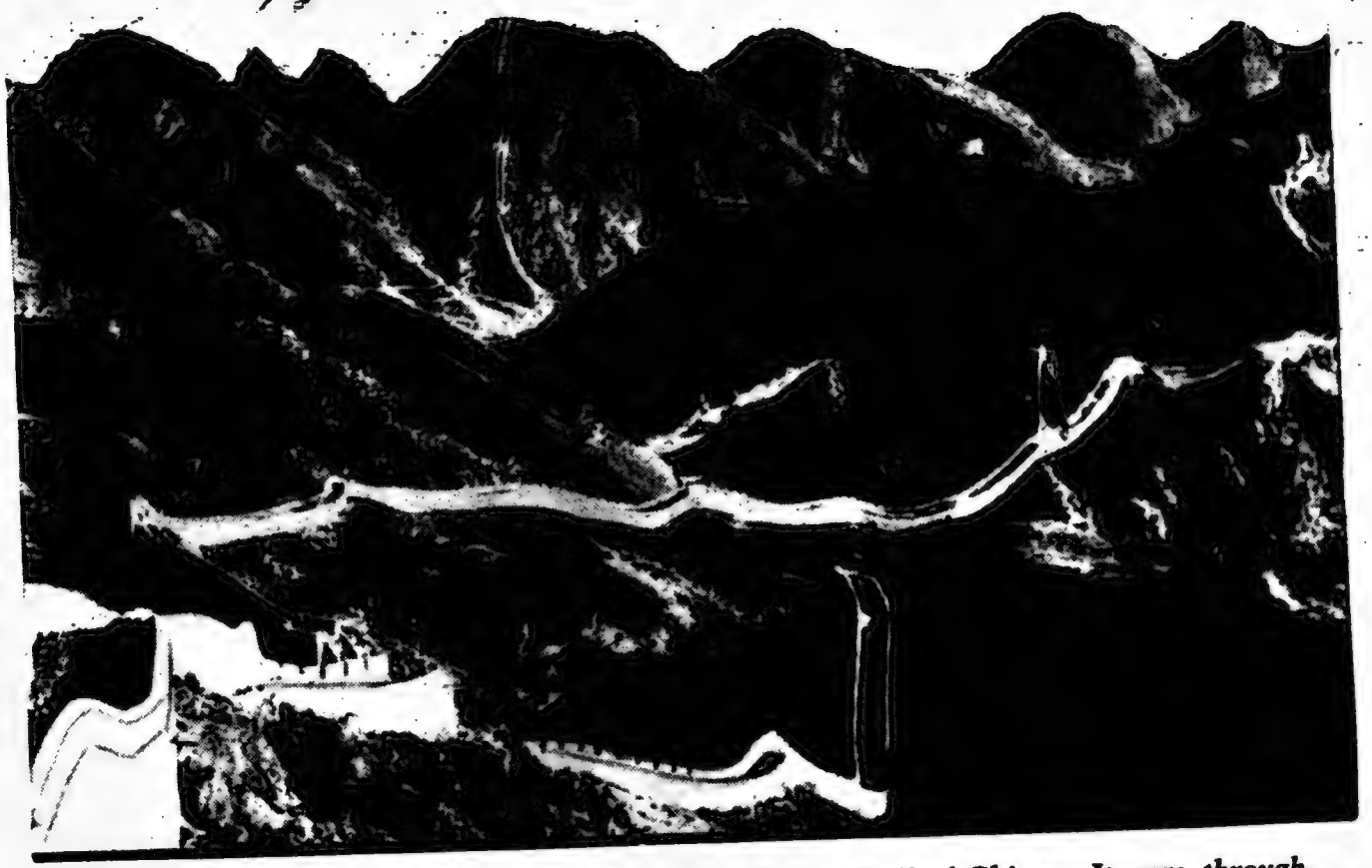
The captain, as we heard later, did not mix with his fellow brigands at night. He used to retire to his hut and smoke himself into stupefaction with opium.

Next morning we were hor-

# ...as KIDNAPPED by BANDITS

## A WOMAN VICTIM'S *Revelations of her* TORMENT

*Told Exclusively to "John Bull"*



*A stretch of the Great Wall of China. It was through such wild mountainous country as you see here that the kidnapped white men and women were carried to the bandits' stronghold*

rified when we saw two dead bodies tied to a tree. They were native Chinese who had tried to escape and failed. They had been tortured to death as a warning to others.

Would it be our turn next? You can imagine with what a sickening feeling we resumed our dreary trip up to the mountains.

That second day was worse agony than the first. The road was almost non-existent, and even the sure-footed donkeys found it hard to make progress among the boulders. As for the men, one heard their groans echo down the ravines as we walked behind in Indian file.

Our accommodation on the second night was as wretched as the first. The low huts were damp and verminous. The night was icily cold, and we had only ragged quilts to cover us.

The bandit captain came in to torture us by the threat that if the foreign devils did not offer ransom then, well——. He shrugged his shoulders and said that even bandits could not be expected to carry encumbrances over the mountains for ever!

The next day, another long trek, always climbing, always through country more dreary at every mile.

That night the captain bade us "good-night" by saying quite openly that if there was no ransom we would be shot.

*A merciless bandit chief who until recently flourished in North China; now he is in captivity*

### *Vile prison*

The following day we reached the stronghold of the robber band. It was a collection of huts in a cleft of the mountains, guarded by hundreds of men, and linked up by outposts, with other strongholds across the intervening valleys.

Here we women were given a hut apiece, and the men were thrown into a sort of shed.

The days dragged wearily by. The food was abominable. And there were no utensils. As for washing, one lost all thoughts of it, despite the discomfort of vermin and dirt.

And all the time the captain assured us that the next hour might be our last. He seemed to gloat over our misery.

After we had reached the stronghold our hands were freed from our bonds. But not for one moment did we escape the watchful eye of the guards. There is a soul-destroying torture in living with the knowledge that someone is always watching you. And that was my fate for over three weeks.

As the days passed, so hopes of eventual rescue began to recede. The attitude of some of the bandits became more threatening and the opium-soaked captain more insolent than ever.

There was, of course, nothing to read, nothing with which to pass the time. True, we were provided with paper and allowed to write letters to our friends. But those letters were never delivered.

The younger members of the marauding gangs were for killing us out of hand. We learned afterwards that they had actually drawn knives against the male missionaries. The captain had come on the scene just in time to save them from a horrible death.

Our sufferings were aggravated by the intensely cold nights, since our clothing was of the flimsiest, and, as I have said, our thicker garments and fur coats had been impounded by the brigands. The irony of it was they wore them when they came to visit us.

Sometimes they commiserated in a savage gleeful way on our miseries and expressed regret that they had not warmer clothes to give us. When we asked for a fire, they refused our request.

### *Released!*

We owed our freedom to the curious politics which exist in modern China. A section of the robber band wished to take active service under one of the Tu Chuns (military lords). They could not do so if it became known that they were holding Europeans up to ransom. Therefore they decided to set us at liberty.

With the greatest solemnity the captain told us to prepare for a journey. His manner had changed. We feared the worst, thinking we were to be led out for our execution.

But a different fate awaited us.

We were given decent food, and some attempt was made to make litters for us women.

Then the journey down the mountain began, and in four days we were back with friends again.

### *Those who die . . .*

Well, that was my own experience, and it is one I shall never forget. Yet I am lucky to be alive to remember it at all. Many victims of kidnapping outrages are not so lucky.

But to all come physical agony and mental torture that it is really impossible to describe.

All the time you are in captivity you are conscious that your friends can do nothing by force. If troops are used to effect a rescue it is almost certain that the kidnapped victims will be shot out of hand. And if a ransom is not forthcoming, or some extraordinary circumstance like my own does not set them free, they are usually killed or die from exposure.

Yet, in spite of this, thousands of white men and women risk their lives in the interior of China and Manchuria every day. The case of Mrs. Pawley is a reminder of how courageous they all are.

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# John Bull Readers' Own Stories (3)

## FORTY-FIVE SECONDS ON A BUCKING BRONK . . .

WHEN Charles B. Cochran staged his famous International Rodeo at Wembley Stadium in the summer of 1924, I was with a crack regiment of Dragoon Guards stationed at Colchester, in Essex, after many years' service abroad.

I had been riding "remounts" for years. With the cavalry in Palestine, Egypt, India and France I had met some really tough customers among the horses of all kinds which passed through my hands.

Each one had to be broken to the saddle and trained—and anybody who has "busted" an Australian Whaler or an Argentinian mule will appreciate what I mean! I had experienced some nasty falls and had sustained some fractured bones, but I was as fit as a fiddle and sound in both wind and limb.

With the Rodeo then in full swing, chatter in barracks naturally centred around the respective merits of the daring trick-riders, the dangers faced by steer-wrestlers, and the skill of the cowboys and cow-girls who had assembled in order to compete.

Tex Austin, of the Forked Lightning Ranch in Las Vegas, had brought over a bunch of untameable "outlaws," horses knowing all the arts and wiles of throwing riders to the dust, upon which all the best riders and ropers of Canada, the United States, Mexico, South Africa, Argentina and New Zealand were displaying their ability.

Every other day or so a cash prize of ten guineas was being offered to any "outsider" who successfully rode a broncho in accordance with the rules. Every other day or so the daily newspapers told the stories of "amateurs" who risked their necks and failed.

In the stables, in the mess, in the canteen, and anywhere when we were "off parade," the challenge became the topic of discussion through the regiment.

"Why don't you go down and show 'em that not only cow-punchers are able to ride?" Jimmy Higgins suggested to me.

"Yes, go on," added Keegan.

"I'll go with you," volunteered Boyd.

And although at first I demurred, since the saddles in use were quite different and the horsemanship expected of a rancher is not anything like that practised among lancers and swordsmen, at last I consented to have a try.

My letter to Tex Austin could hardly be described as "diplomatic." I wrote to him on Monday announcing that I was visiting the Stadium at Wembley on the following Saturday afternoon, when I hoped he would find it possible to provide me with a mount!

He replied sending me a card of admission, with the request that I should report to the office upon my arrival.

The deed was done, and from that moment I keenly looked forward to the event.

Not that I was nervous or lacking in confidence—I wasn't. My days were spent preparing "Paddy," a jumper, for the Royal Tournament at Olympia: a thoroughbred, seventeen hands high, with a coat like satin and a temper warranted to throw all but the strongest horseman on the far side of a fence.

But "Paddy" could hardly be compared with the shaggy, stubborn, wild-eyed little horses of fourteen hands, thirteen hundred pounds of flesh, bone and muscle I found stabled when, with a companion, I arrived at Wembley.

A tall cowboy from Arizona met me in the hall and escorted me to the office, where I signed a form absolving the promoters of any liability for injuries I might receive.

Out in the arena the stretcher-bearers were carrying away a "puncher" who had been thrown.

With three other "amateur" competitors I waited until it was time for us to perform. In the meantime I met the world's champion "bronk-rider" of the day—Howard Tegland; also Dave Whyte, Jesse Coates and Pete Vandemeer, the latter from Calgary, in Canada.

*"Amateurs who risked their necks and failed"—Here is a photograph taken at the Rodeo of 1924, the scene of our reader's triumph*

Pete it was who won the International Contest. I had the honour of riding in his saddle. He acted as my guiding star and counsel. Like most of the big, wind-bronzed chaps I met that day, he was four-square and frank.

"They were waiting for you, pardner," said he. "It was yew who wrote that letter to Tex Austin, wasn't it?"

"That's right," I nodded.

"I thought so," said he. "The bronk you've got to ride has never bin 'busted' right out yet. You've got to sit tight and take no chances to-day."

A CROWD of a hundred thousand or more people were taking their seats in the tiers around. Out in the ring a Mexican cow-girl was running off in a trick-riding turn with a girl from California, sweeping down with ease and grace right to the ground, swooping under the necks of their galloping horses and reappearing on the other side in a single daredevil movement.

The Press photographers were gathered at the entrance to the enclosure, and a number of "punchers" in Stetsons and "hair-pants" were lingering around. An Australian rancher wished me "Good luck," and his very charming daughter promised me a "button-hole" if I were still in the saddle when the second whistle blew.

Pete Vandemeer told me the rules. I had to give the bronk every advantage, and not to cheat him. I was neither to "hold leather" nor to cling to his flowing mane. I had not to use a whip.

The bronk was fitted with a regulation "western" saddle, a halter to which one raw-hide rein was attached to the ring; and as an added incentive to his "bucking" proclivities a strap was secured about his hindquarters. He had no bit in his mouth.

One hand I had to keep extended in the air, and the other not less than four inches above the lariat post. I had to keep kicking with both feet in order that the judges might see that I was not holding on with my spurs.

Just a word about those wicked-looking spurs. They are not as cruel as they look! A bronk has a thick coat of matted hair calculated to protect him from even the sharpest rowels. I was wearing a pair such as are used only for "walking out," as far as the British cavalry is concerned.

Whilst I was watching the "steer-throwing" exhibition, Pete beckoned me to climb the gate and drop into the saddle. My bronk was penned within a stall so small that it was impossible for him to move. He shot a malignant glance at me, laying his ears back upon his head as I found my stirrups and adjusted them.

My three competitors, in the meantime, followed suit. I shall be quite candid and say that I didn't think much of their chances. They were too young and hadn't the experience necessary to the riding of a bucking horse.

Few horses can buck continuously for more than two-thirds of a minute at a stretch—so violent is the exertion required. But to anybody who knows anything of bronk riding ten seconds can be a mighty long time.

It is for the rider to out-guess the horse as he swerves, plunges, bolts and bucks as fancy takes him, countering every action, rolling back in the saddle as he springs, and taking the chance of a throw, being dragged, or rolled over should he lay down.

I was brought back to consciousness by an expectant hush as the ring-master—or whatever the Rodeo promoters are called—announced Number One.

"That isn't yew," Pete Vandemeer said to me.

But I was watching the sea of faces

# Winning MY RODEO SPURS

around the arena. I was wondering what they would think of the "Cavalry" if I made a bad show, and I determined to sit in the saddle at all costs.

A second later the gate of the adjoining stall on my right was jerked away and a mad, whirling fury of horseflesh shot out.

The whistle sounded the "start" as the bronk flew over the chalk-line about ten yards in front, and unfortunate Number One rolled in the dust.

"Number Two," I heard, when the peel of laughter had died down, and the master of ceremonies announced the name of another would-be cowboy.

I SAW the gate on my left swing open, and the bronk hurl itself out into the open. The youth upon his back made a great effort, and did cross the chalk-line sitting erect. His mount twisted, turned, bucked and charged forward at top speed.

For a matter of seconds I thought there was hope. But he lolled, lost confidence in himself, sagged, wrapped both arms around his horse's neck, and slid to Mother Earth after a run of some twenty yards.

With the first and the second untamed outlaws on their way back to the stable on the far side of the Stadium—where, as an incentive to effort, a feed was awaiting them—the master of ceremonies announced Number Three.

I caught a glimpse of a white face in another stall on my right, saw the gate fly open, and the horse with his rider charge out. About thirty yards out past the chalk-line the wily broncho from New Mexico—having thrown many a good horseman before coming to England to show how it was done—stopped dead!

Amid a derisive peal of laughter from a group of cow-girls standing by me, so did Number Three. The bronk put his nose to the ground and his rider slid down, sprawling on his back. But he put up a good show—brief though it was—whilst he lasted.

HE hadn't changed hands upon his rein. He hadn't wrapped the rein about his hand. He hadn't lost a stirrup, held leather, nor failed to use his spurs. He was merely disqualified for being "bucked off."

"Number Four," called the man upon the rostrum, announcing my name.

I gave my brute another inch or two of rope, sat tight and waited.

"Ready?" asked Pete Vandemeer.

"Right," said I.

"Throw your weight back," shouted Pete in my ear, his hand upon the gate.

I spotted a cowboy mounted upon a pony spinning a rope as he waited for me to ride out, and I knew instinctively that he was ready to lasso my bronk should I be in danger of getting dragged.

I think that was all I did see before, like a thunderbolt, my bronk swept forward into the ring, and a riot of ears, mane, tiers of people, grand stands and stables swam before my eyes.

The bronk plunged, snorted, reared, and then set off in a series of bucketing jumps, pounding, kicking and jerking, muscle-flexed, quivering, every wild inch of him mad to land me in the dirt. . . .

Not that there is any really great degree of scientific skill required in the riding of a bronk! It is far more essential that the rider should be fearless, confident, reckless of life and limb; above all, that he should remain cool, calm and collected.

I heard the people cheering as I went sailing into space, my right arm extended, my feet kicking and my bridle-hand well above the lariat-post. When my bronk bucked, I threw myself back. When he plunged, I leaned forward. When he swerved, I managed to meet him as he came around.

In the offing I saw my cowboy attendant whirling his rope, but only for a second. My mount suddenly darted off in another direction, stopped dead, reared, swung back and started another series of bucks.

But I was still in the saddle. So far I had anticipated his every move correctly. He went plunging on towards the stable at the far side, and, where he didn't need telling, was a feed.

I had been in the saddle for what I thought was about five minutes—although, in reality, it was less than one—when I heard the crowd cheering again.

Then it was that my attention wandered. That was my undoing.

Suddenly my mount started bucking very violently, charging first in this direction and then in that. And then, with his nose almost touching the ground, he paused, his back arched, his tail flowing, his eyes gleaming as he twisted his neck and glared.

I was hoping to be able to ride him to the stable gate, so standing upon my stirrups I thought rapidly, trying to imagine what his next move would be. For a second I was sitting upon a mountain of taut flesh and blood, balancing.

I thought he would turn towards "home," so I threw my weight over to the left. The bronk, feeling my move, effected a counter. I have never experienced an earthquake, but I know exactly what one is like. Plunging like fury, my bronk did a buck and mighty swerve all in one—and I went straight on!

I caught just a glimpse of his belly as he passed over me, and I rolled over in the dust. And then I heard a man with a not unpleasant nasal accent say, "Are yew all right, sonny?"

Feeling pretty sore, I stood up. "Another second or two and I should have ridden him out," I said, somewhat disappointedly.

"Don't yew talk silly, pardner," said Pete Vandemeer. "That bronk never hev bin busted proper. He'd hev rolled over afore he'd hev bin beat. Still, yew've got the prize money coming to ye—the whistle went just as ye got throwed."

TEX AUSTIN himself handed me the ten guineas I earned that afternoon. And a moment later the Australian rancher's daughter pinned the promised "buttonhole" on my coat.

That July day will remain a pleasant memory long after all sorts of other memories have faded from my mind.

Just that minute during which I went rocketing astride a bucking bronk for the time-limit of forty-five seconds before I "hit the dirt."

**NEXT WEEK:** *A reader tells of thrills encountered while rum-running between Canada and the United States, seal-poaching in the Behring Sea, and trapping in the great North-West.*

*The Human Machine*

## ALWAYS ASK "WHY?"

*SINCE everyone possesses a brain, everyone can think. No one can prevent thoughts and ideas springing up in his mind. The difference lies in the use we make of these thoughts.*

*"Sometimes," said the man, "I sits and thinks. Sometimes I just sits." There is a good deal of human nature in this old joke. A surprising number of people "just sit."*

*For it is not enough to think. To be of any use in the world we must think clearly and logically. We must be able to reason, to go from cause to effect, to put facts in their proper order, and to draw correct conclusions from them.*

*Less than three centuries ago witches were tried in this country, and witnesses testified to their ability to disappear at will, and to the uselessness of locks and bars to confine them. And judges and juries solemnly listened to such evidence without it ever occurring to them that, if it was true, the witch could solve the matter very simply by disappearing before their eyes.*

*Nor did it ever occur to them that if, as the witnesses averred, a witch could pass at will through walls and prison bars, it was a pure waste of time to put her in prison. It is an outstanding example of the difference between just thinking and thinking logically and clearly.*

*Are we so much better to-day? How many people believe 13 to be an unlucky number? How many people refuse to walk under ladders, dread having anything to do on a Friday, or regard the breaking of a mirror as a sure sign of coming ill-fortune?*

*Superstitious people can think—but they can't think clearly. If 13 is unlucky, then 26 is twice as unlucky, 52 is four times as unlucky; but that never seems to occur to them.*

*Inability to think clearly causes us to "jump to conclusions"; and the man who jumps to conclusions instead of getting to his conclusions step by step, each step based on fact and proof, is a nuisance to himself and others.*

*A child always wants to know "Why?" It is a sound mental habit that too many people allow themselves to lose as they grow older.*

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*John Bull*, 1/10/32

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# Misfortune Tellers

*"Those who deliberately set out to find what the future holds for them must not be surprised if what they hear is not altogether to their liking"*

THERE is a law against fortune-tellers in this country, but many of them seem to flourish in spite of it. In almost every town they are to be found, and they do not hide themselves away in some hole-and-corner street. At seaside resorts they open their booths on the pier or the promenade in the full light of day.

Now, there would be little objection to their practices if, like the automatic machines, they exhibited a notice saying "For amusement only." It is when they foretell all kinds of evil that the effect, particularly on sensitive minds, is definitely injurious.

I suppose it is the aftermath of the holiday season, for a number of letters on this subject have just reached me. Here is the first of them:

* * *

"I was eagerly anticipating my marriage this year, but a few days ago I consulted a man who professes that he can read the future. What he said has made me feel really ill.

"He told me that, beginning at the end of the month, I am to have nothing but ill-luck, and he enumerated the troubles in great detail. Amongst them are quarrels with relations, legal disputes, serious illnesses, great unhappiness in marriage—in fact, everything that is evil.

"I suppose he saw the effect his predictions had upon me, for just as I was going away he assumed a different demeanour and said that he thought I should eventually win through to happiness.

"On brooding over the matter I have suffered acutely. I know quite well that it serves me right for trying to probe into the future; still, if there had been just one bright spot I might not have got such a fright. Tell me, do you believe what these people say is true?"

Here is the second letter:

"My husband and I have just returned from our holidays, and what should have been a happy time has been completely wrecked so far as I am concerned. It seems such a foolish thing to write to you about, but I feel you will understand.

"We have been married seven years, and we have one little boy, though we hope we may have more, as we are passionately fond of children.

"It was more for a lark than anything that we visited a palmist on the pier. I was asked if there was anything particularly I wanted to know, and I enquired how many children I was likely to have. After a moment's hesitation the palmist said 'None.'

"My husband, who was standing by, burst out laughing. 'That is where you are wrong,' he said; 'we have three already,' telling the falsehood glibly.

"The palmist again looked at my hand, and then said that on closer examination she could discern three slight markings, but it was not clear whether I had had three or was going to have three, but in any case they would all die.

"Then I told her the truth, that we had one little boy, and a grave expression came on to her face. 'Look after him, then, very, very carefully,' she said; 'he will need it.' I came away feeling very depressed, and somehow I cannot get it out of my mind."

And I really think the third case is the worst of all. This letter comes from a husband who begs me to warn my readers against "the charlatans who profess to tell the future."

"Three years ago my wife was very run down, and one day she went with a neighbour to visit a clairvoyante. That night my wife blurted out that the clairvoyante had told her that she was going to become paralysed and would be a cripple for life. I did my best to dissuade her, but all to no purpose.

"Then, through the dreadful worry, she had a nervous breakdown, and for a time was really seriously ill.

"Now, thank God, she is better again, and when she was recently examined by the doctor he said he could find no trace whatever of paralysis trouble. That has reassured her, and she has now banished from her mind what the clairvoyante told her."

* * *

Those are three cases typical of a far greater number. For from the Witch of Endor to the astrologer, the palmist, the crystal-gazer of to-day, those who profess to tell the future have never lacked eager and credulous hearers.

Now, what have I to say about these practices?—that is what many of my readers want to know.

I will be perfectly frank. I do not blame altogether the fortune-tellers; they are out to make a living. Though what beats me is why they should have to charge for their predictions; if they can really tell what the future holds they all ought to be millionaires.

Rather do I blame those who are foolish enough to go out in search of trouble. The future has been mercifully hidden from us—why attempt to probe into it?

* * *

Supposing it could be proved that in twenty years' time I am going to suffer a grievous misfortune or to be knocked down by a motor-bus and fatally injured? What good would it do me to know that now? My life from now onwards would be a perpetual nightmare. I like that catchy couplet, "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

My first correspondent asks me if the things predicted of her are likely to come true. I do not know. I hope not. But I do not profess to be able to tell her future. I can only recount a personal experience I had many years ago, when I was younger and much more susceptible to those things.

In an idle moment I consulted a palmist and phrenologist, and I kept a careful record of what was told me. Of eighteen definite predictions he made, only three—and those very commonplace ones—came true. The others have never been fulfilled, although the time when they were to happen has long since passed.

Reading the gloomy prognostications told of my correspondent, I hope she will have the same result.

* * *

And I say the same thing to the writer of my second letter. The woman she consulted surely stands condemned by her own words. First my correspondent was told she would have no children, although she actually has one now. Then, on second thoughts she might have had three or be going to have three. And at last when the true facts were disclosed, that palmist urged the mother to look very carefully after the child she has.

In view of these acrobatic contradictions, how she can take such a thing seriously surprises me. No wonder her husband laughed! I advise my correspondent to follow his example.

Let me sum up. I am not saying that fortune-tellers are frauds. That would be far too sweeping. They may possess some knowledge of which I have no experience. What I do say is that those who deliberately set out to find what the future holds for them must not be surprised if what they hear is not altogether to their liking.

**—JUST LAUGH AT THEM!**

*counsels*

**PHILIP INMAN**

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS

**ON this page Philip Inman, JOHN BULL's "Humanist," tackles some of the problems of our readers. If you are in need of help, write to him and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.**

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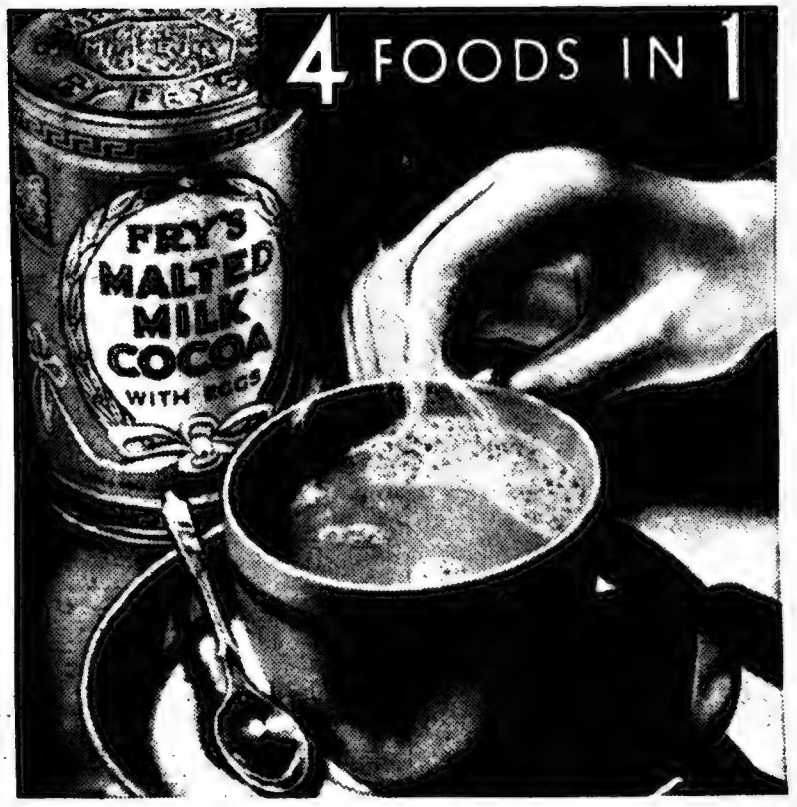


¶ *Read these extracts from letters we have received:*

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What shall your home lighting be—electric, gas or oil? Say the little word *Aladdin* and get the finest light of all. For in this neat and pleasing lamp, daylight itself is at your service—magically produced from ordinary paraffin at a cost of less than one farthing an hour. Point by point Aladdin light can be compared with daylight. White in colour, abundant in quantity, clean, silent, safe and beneficial—Aladdin has all the qualities of Nature's perfect handiwork.

*From all first-class ironmongers.*

*The Cottage model Super-Aladdin Lamp, finished in nickel, polished brass or satin brass £2-2-0 (other finishes extra). Other models in various finishes. Shades extra. Aladdin No. 12 model* 33/-

A-L-A-D-D-I-N

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, *25A Aladdin Building, Cromford, Middx. London Showrooms: 48 Mortimer St. (near Oxford Circus), W.1. Paris: 149 Boulevard Ney*

**A WORD TO ALL GOOD DAUGHTERS**

Of course, mother is beginning to show her age. She knows the times are full of anxiety, and even little worries begin to tell more as one gets on in years.

But there's one simple thing you can do which any doctor will tell you is best for folk who are ageing.

And it is a pleasant way, too; one mother will like. Get her to take Wincarnis three times a day.

You will be amazed how soon you see the difference, how quickly she begins to pick up. The very first night she will have her best night's rest for years. And remember the good Wincarnis does is no mere temporary relief like a drug. There are no drugs in Wincarnis. It is just the finest of pure wine combined with the strengthening elements of beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts.

Try it yourself. We have over 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have proved how good Wincarnis is for neurasthenia, anæmia, debility and all run-down conditions.

**UNABLE TO WORK THROUGH DUODENAL ULCERS**

**Now a different man!**

Every sufferer from indigestion in any form ought to read this letter. Two months' treatment ends nine years' agony!

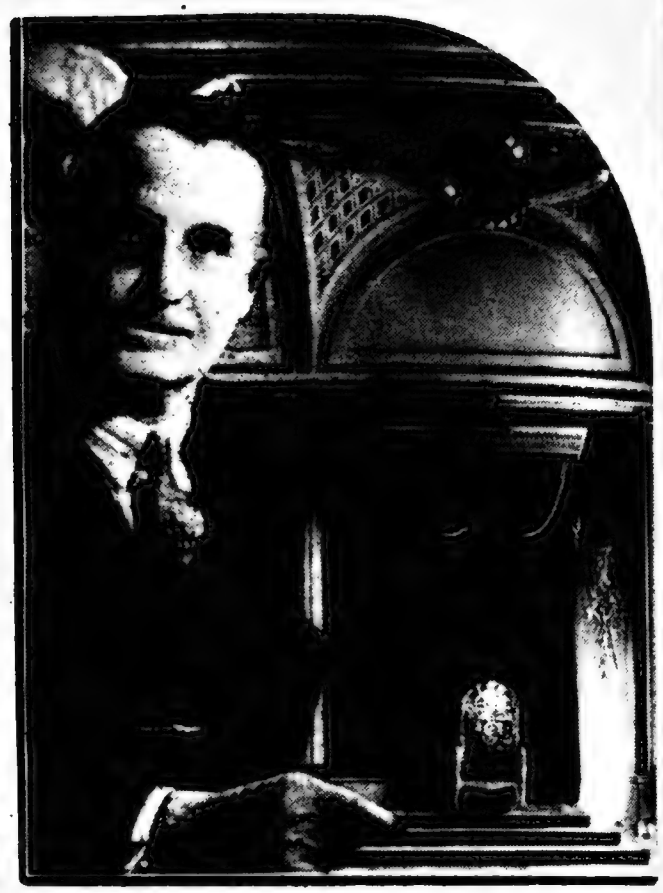
"For the past nine years I have been practically incapacitated from any kind of work due to suffering from Perforated Duodenal Ulcers. A serious operation seven years ago was not successful, and since then I have been an in-patient at various hospitals four times, besides attending as an out-patient for long periods, but have obtained very little relief from pain. Two months ago I decided to give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial, with the result that now I feel a different man altogether. I obtained instant relief, and am now able to eat and enjoy food which for several years I have not dared to venture."

Try this Maclean Brand Stomach Powder yourself. Any doctor will tell you that the Maclean formula is now used in all the leading hospitals and is achieving wonderful results.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3 and 2/- cartons of Powder or Tablets.—Advt.

# SIR HENRY LYTTON'S *Greatest Hour*

# *When I* KNELT *before* THE KING



*Sir Henry Lytton, the famous Savoyard, and the Throne Room in Buckingham Palace where he was knighted*

MY greatest hour happened in Buckingham Palace the day I went to receive the accolade of knighthood from King George. It is a moment which stands out in my memory beyond all others.

My life has been one of change, travel and adventure; it has had its hours of pathos as well as bathos, but no single hour has left such an abiding impression on my mind as the hour I spent in Buckingham Palace a June morning two years or so ago.

I had been a wandering minstrel for years. I was just Ko Ko to my friends; Ko Ko because of that same character in the "Mikado" I had sung tens of thousands of times. I was supposed to be ever young and quite unchanging. I was expected to go on singing for ever.

Then one week I sensed a change. My friends hinted at something happening behind the scenes. I took no notice. I went on singing and playing Ko Ko. Then a document arrived from the office of the Lord Chamberlain. It was impressive in spite of its simplicity.

I was asked if I would accept the honour of knighthood.

## Anxiety-filled days

The intervening days were filled with moments of pride alternating with anxiety.

I began to dread the moment when I should be summoned to the Palace to kneel in front of the King. I used to wake up in the night, having dreamed I had stumbled as I tried to rise, or that I had arrived late for the ceremony and everybody had gone.

The formal notice duly came—a little embossed card requesting me to be at the Palace a little before half-past ten on a certain morning. I was to wear a morning coat and striped trousers. That was all there was on the card.

At that investiture there were quite a number of men summoned to be knighted or to receive decorations. A procession of cars drove up to the side entrance of the Palace, and as each man passed the door he was met by one of the Palace servants, dignified men who talk in whispers and move about as silently as cats.

I felt a slight shiver of nervousness as my foot trod into the deep pile of the carpet. I was led along a corridor that seemed to have no end, and finally we came to a great staircase in which I realised it was all too easy to be quite lost.

The footmen and chamberlains walked ahead with a nonchalance that was maddening. I had been an actor all my life, and yet here was I, too nervous to walk straight.

Eventually I was ushered into an anteroom where one of the gentlemen-in-waiting came forward to greet me. He recognised me. He said he had seen me play in Gilbert and Sullivan. I breathed a sigh of relief—it was the first time the tension had been eased since I left my home in Earl's Court that morning.

The ante-room seemed to be full of ghosts in black morning coats. There were thirty or forty men of all shapes and sizes waiting, it seemed to me, with something like dread to be summoned to the actual investiture.

Actually, of course, the ordeal is self-created. When I look back I smile to think how anxious I was during that prelude to my greatest hour.

The gentleman-in-waiting said casually that I did not want to rehearse the ceremony of kneeling. I looked up with something like fear, and whispered that I would like to try it out first like the others. I was an actor, but even actors have need of practice.

Thereupon he produced a low footstool and a small handrail, explaining that if I felt fatigued after kneeling I could raise myself with the aid of the rail. It had been instituted in the old days to assist the frail. I did not mind the suggestion; I felt very, very frail that moment.

I felt that I rehearsed the kneeling business very badly. There were two or three men who came afterwards who went through it with no difficulty whatever.

The gentleman-in-waiting motioned us to make ready. The minute hand of the big clock was creeping nearer and nearer the half hour. There was that slight nervous scuffle and clearing of throats which always accompanies a collection of men waiting to be called on for some unaccustomed duty.

Then, at the first stroke of the chimes, the door leading to the Throne Room opened and we were informed that the King was waiting to receive us. We had been told to be there at half-past ten. The King was ready at the exact second.

## The great sword

The Throne Room at Buckingham Palace is very impressive. The King stood on a dais, dressed in a frock-coat. He bowed slightly towards the gentlemen-in-waiting, the Court officials, and finally to the men whom "he delighted to honour."

One of the officials handed His Majesty a great two-handled sword. I was afterwards told that this is the same weapon which Queen Elizabeth used when she knighted Sir Walter Raleigh.

The King took the sword and the first of the recipients of knighthood knelt before him.

I have never witnessed anything quite so full of dignity and majesty. There were no rich uniforms or gorgeous colourings. On the contrary, we were all men in the cold and forbidding black coats of morning dress. Even so, the King seemed to invest the occasion with something of tremendous importance and significance.

I felt myself looking at him with awe and admiration. Every gesture he made showed the results of study and timing. There was not the least evidence of haste or confusion.

The gentleman-in-waiting informed the King in a soft voice the name and identity of the man next to be knighted. The King heard and repeated every name, however complicated, without making a single mistake—an effort of memory which few men could accomplish.

I was so entranced with the whole atmosphere of the Throne Room that I scarcely noticed my turn was coming next. One of the officials nudged me and I felt a huge lump rising to the back of my throat.

## "Arise, Sir Henry—"

I stepped forward with as much dignity as I could command. But it is difficult to be impressive when you know your knees are knocking together from sheer fright.

I looked at the King and he nodded pleasantly as if to say there is no need to have the least anxiety. There was something more than friendly in the tone of the gentleman-in-waiting as he said, "Mr. Henry Lytton."

I knelt on the hassock on one knee and bent my head.

The King raised the great sword and touched me lightly on the shoulder. I heard his grave voice say, "Rise, Sir Henry Lytton."

I felt very confused and do not remember how I came to my feet again. But I found myself backing away according to the ceremonial of the Court.

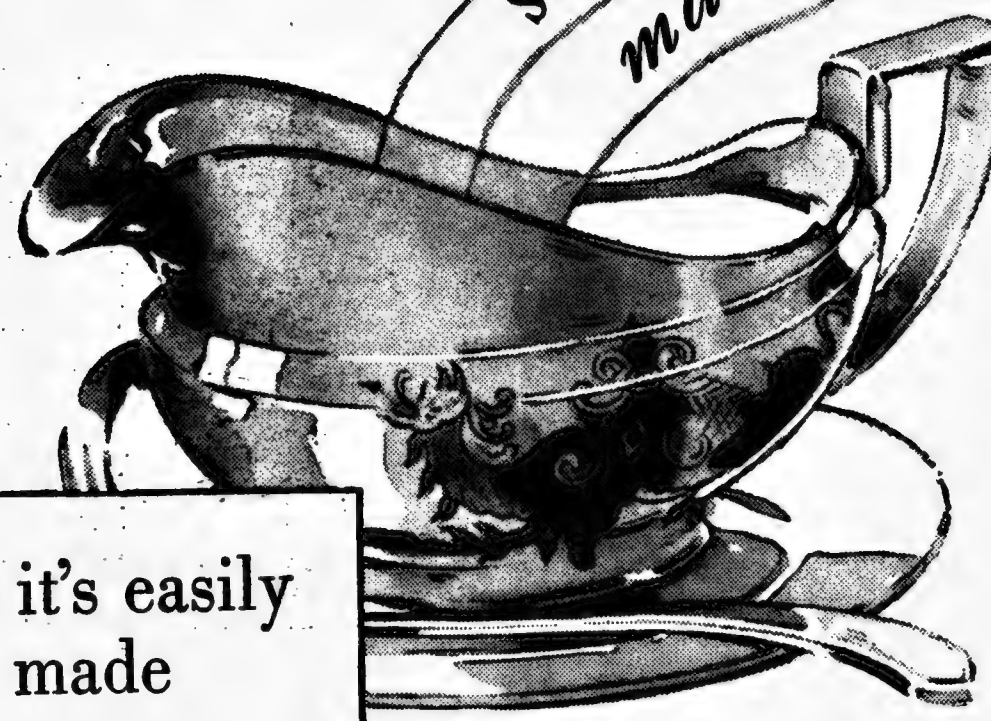
In the old days it was customary to back the whole way to the door, but the procedure is now modified. The parquet flooring is too treacherous for the old and feeble.

After a few steps I turned round and walked from the room. I felt as if a great weight had been taken from me.

Then as I was descending the stairs I realised that I had just lived through the most significant moment of my life.

The King had been pleased to consider my life's work in the theatre worthy of knighthood.

# SAUCE THAT *makes* THE DISH



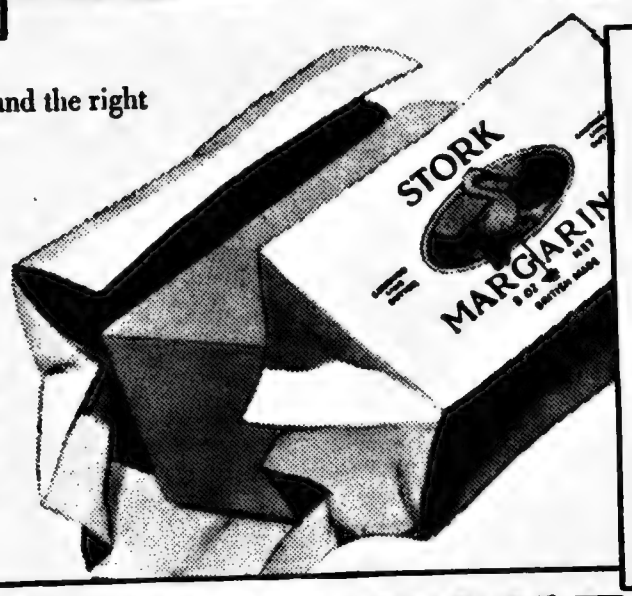
## and it's easily made

Stork makes the sauce good. Stork gives it flavour and smoothness and lots of nourishment. A sauce made like this, with Stork, is the making of a savoury dish, macaroni or fish, or white vegetables, or sweet puddings. *Anybody* can make a good sauce this way—with Stork Margarine.

For a rich, creamy sauce, with no lumps and the right buttery flavour, remember this:

Melt Stork in the saucepan first;
Add flour, and cook till it bubbles;
Draw the pan off the heat and add milk gradually, stirring all the time.

Be sure to use Stork Margarine. There you have a white sauce that you can flavour in any way you like. With onion for onion sauce; with capers or parsley, or vinegar and beaten egg to go with fish; or with sugar and lemon, or honey, or vanilla to go with puddings.

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Dept. 11,
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# STORK MARGARINE 8D *per pound*

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G 127-182A JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

# Herbs will cure all Your ills

*You need never despair of a cure. There is a certain remedy in Nature's Storehouse for every ill from which you suffer.*

FREE book packed with valuable herbal prescriptions and recipes which have cured hundreds, and full information on the treatment of ill-health, and the value of simple Herbs — Nature's own Remedy. It is a Home Health Guide, which saves doctors' bills, and enables you to keep healthy and full of vitality—a gold-mine of essential information. Whatever your health trouble, you will find it dealt with here. You need never despair. Write for a copy of this splendid 112-page Book, containing many illustrations and diagrams. It is Free to all readers in the British Isles. To readers abroad 1/- per copy.

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FATHER SAYS
if all foods were
as pure as . . . .

'Golden Shred'
The orange juice Marmalade

a "pure foods" act
would be quite
unnecessary . . .

Bargains offered

in a remarkable advertisement on pages 4 & 5.

*THE largest furniture advertisement which has ever appeared in "John Bull" is in this issue. If you will turn to pages 4 and 5 you will see that Messrs. Bolsom make a variety of wonderful offers. This enterprising house can be relied upon to give every satisfaction. It is advisable to act quickly as these low prices will cause the stock to be snapped up rapidly.*

**All advertisements in "John Bull" are amply covered by the guarantee on page 25, so you are doubly assured of satisfaction.**

# STARTING Life Again at 50

*"Shall I ever use it again?"—The out-of-work doctor knows how bitter an enemy age can be now that he is searching for the one job he is equipped to do*

by A DOCTOR WITHOUT a JOB

I WOKE this morning to the full realisation that I am fifty years of age . . . and am starting life again so far as finding a job is concerned. I have suddenly been thrown on the scrap-heap of life, while still there are years of good work left in me.

I am a fully qualified medical man. Once I had a practice at Croydon which by hard work I had built up until I was flourishing. Then Fate played a hand.

I developed lung trouble: nothing much, but sufficient for the specialist I saw to advise me to sell out and go to sea. "Take a job as a ship's surgeon," was his advice. "With your qualifications you'll have no difficulty."

Neither had I. The practice went at a big loss, but my wife and I grinned philosophically about that. Then, resplendent in my new uniform, off to sea I went, and for seven years I have voyaged from the London Docks, getting four days at home every six weeks.

## The last trip

Two youngsters have arrived since then—one two days ago. I had just returned from my last trip, and the following morning I went in as usual to my employers' head office to draw my monthly pay on account. The clerk, who had always given me a cheery smile, handed me an envelope without a word.

The message was brief and to the point. "Owing to the amalgamation of our line with the Blank, Blank and Blank, we regret to inform you that your services will no longer be required."

I am not going to harass you with the tale of my efforts to get another post. Sufficient to say that I have been round every shipping office with the same result—there are no vacancies. Indeed, at one office they told me that they had a waiting list of 180 qualified surgeons!

I have exactly 16s. in the world, and a wife and two kiddies to keep.

What am I to do? What is there to be done by a man of fifty like myself—a one-job man?

My training as a doctor cost my father over £1,000 before I earned a penny. Now that training looks like being the millstone round my neck that will prevent me from getting out of the Slough of Despond.

For you must know that doctors of fifty are considered nowadays to be back numbers. They want younger, freshly trained men for the big hospitals as house-surgeons; the local authorities also demand that all their applicants for posts shall be young, too.

If you are fifty, no matter what your qualifications and your record, you are not wanted. That is a plain statement of fact. If I had been trained as a clerk, was a good shorthand-typist, knew something of the art of book-keeping, I might stand a chance, even in the present overcrowded labour market.

As it is, I am a drug in the market. I cannot capitalise the very thing in which I have specialised all my working days: the one thing about which I know something.

Lying in bed this morning I have been taking stock of my position in its relation to the past. What have I done wrong? What have I left undone that should have been done?

I am not qualified for the "dole": there is no society to which I belong which will enable me to tide over the evil day in the hope that something may turn up.

I am insured—but that is payable only at death. I suppose that I could capitalise that, but I don't want to. I look upon that as a trust for my wife and the kiddies. It is their one sheet anchor, the only thing that would prevent them from being dependent on charity if the worst happened to me.

There must be thousands of men like myself faced with this problem. We have had steady incomes, but we have not provided for the evil day.

I keep asking myself where I have gone wrong. . . .

## The rainy day

The old dictum of Micawber's about spending only "nineteen shillings and elevenpence three-farthings" of a pound income meaning "happiness" will not work to-day It is essential, I see now, that every one of us who have to earn our bread-and-butter should provide for a rainy day.

When we are young, in the early thirties, forty maybe, we don't bother about to-morrow. Life seems very good; we are doing our job to the best of our ability, and no doubt doing it well.

"I'm good for many a year yet, and the firm couldn't do without me"—that's the attitude of mind that a regular job brings in its train.

Then the day comes when the Sword of Damocles falls!

All around me I know there are people like myself who have never made any provision for that day. They are supremely confident—wasn't I? I was desperately sorry for those who hadn't a job . . . but it is a different matter altogether when we have to begin searching the columns of the newspaper feverishly—hoping . . . hoping!

And my thoughts bring me back every time to the point at which they started. I should have forced myself to spend a little each week, however small, on providing for the future.

Now it is too late.

I had no right to be cocksure; no reason to believe that things would go on as they were going. I should have forced myself to scrape together something to keep in hand for such a day as this which has dawned for us.

What would you do if you were faced with the same position? If you are a "one-job man" like myself; your qualifications of the specialised kind that cannot be turned into money at a moment's notice?

Don't think I am too proud to take *any* job that offers—but who will offer it? Fifty years are a handicap to-day—a burden so heavy that they weigh a man down, body and soul.

When I see youngsters just starting their working life; others, maybe, with ten years behind them—all intent on pleasure of some kind . . . I want to tap them on the shoulder.

## Trapped!

I want to say to them: "Forgive me if you think I am an interfering old fool, but . . . are you thinking of the future?"

I would like to force it home on the rising generation that life means a lot more than the first years: prosperity will not, and does not, remain for always. Be prepared—don't be caught as I was . . . caught in a trap that I realise I have baited myself, and into which I have dragged three innocent people as well.

Fifty!—and out of a job . . . and all that that means. Oh, if I'd only have thought of it before!

# SIDE-SLIPS

*Send actual cuttings. 2/6 is paid for each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."*

POPPY'S PAPER:—"Eat plenty of fresh and stewed fruit, green vegetables and PLAIN WATER."

LOCAL GOVERNMENT JOURNAL:—"Newcastle-on-Tyne 'adopted' Arras and presented a new TOWN and belfry."

MAIDENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"Bathing dangerous except to NON-SWIMMERS."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"The fur should then be hung in the HAIR to dry."

THE AMBITIOUS LADY (Novel):—"Irene laughed and said no more on that PINT."

SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO:—"A RAINING committee has been appointed."

SPRATTS DOG BOOK:—"Rub the LIONS with Rheumatism and Sprain Liniment."

DAILY MAIL:—"An increased interest is being taken by the HOOKING agencies in London's new plays."

BETHEL FULL GOSPEL MESSENGER:—"IMMORTALITY and callous indecency are publicly encouraged and the Lord's DAY is deliberately desecrated."

SOUTHEND TIMES:—"The shelters provided by the PIE Committee are turned into eating houses."

WELDON'S BAZAAR:—"Don't FORGE to add your name and address."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"——— wrote stating that the FOOTPRINTS of the parish would be attended to."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The occupants kill HE RABBIS which abound here and prepare the pelts for market."

# INTIMATE FACTS YOU DARE NOT IGNORE

## A Doctor's Straightforward Advice to Women

Fading looks, strained nerves, weakened vitality—what a high price many women pay for a mistaken sense of modesty. Too shy to ask their doctors the significance of certain small symptoms, they not only suffer months of unnecessary discomfort but run far graver risks than they realise. They do not know what the modern technique of personal hygiene can accomplish for their health and happiness. It is for the enlightenment of such women that the proprietors of Milton have produced an invaluable handbook—"Yes—but how shall I look ten years from now?" Written by a doctor it gives sane and simple advice on the care which every woman should exercise during the most important years of her life.

A line to the "Woman's Department" of Milton, whose address is 10-12, Brewery Road, London, N.7, will bring you a copy under plain sealed cover.

**GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.**
Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is built with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, all bright parts Chromium Plated, & full set of Accessories. Bargain Price Complete is £3:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for 8/2 with order & 11 monthly payments of 8/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. CATALOGUE of this & other models Post Free.
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Fox's Glacier Mints have a delicious—refreshing, irresistible flavour beyond the reach of imitators. You cannot realise what you are missing until you taste these better, more mellow, more refined — plus peppermints.

# Food Secret Revealed

# GREAT IMPORTANCE TO CHILD HEALTH

**The "Rowntree" kind of cocoa found so digestible that it actually helps the digestion of other foods eaten with it**

**Every mother knows that at all costs the children's evening meal must be perfectly digested—that nothing "heavy" or constipating should be given to them just before bedtime. Yet their supper must be nourishing and satisfying, too—for a quiet night and renewed fitness are at stake.**

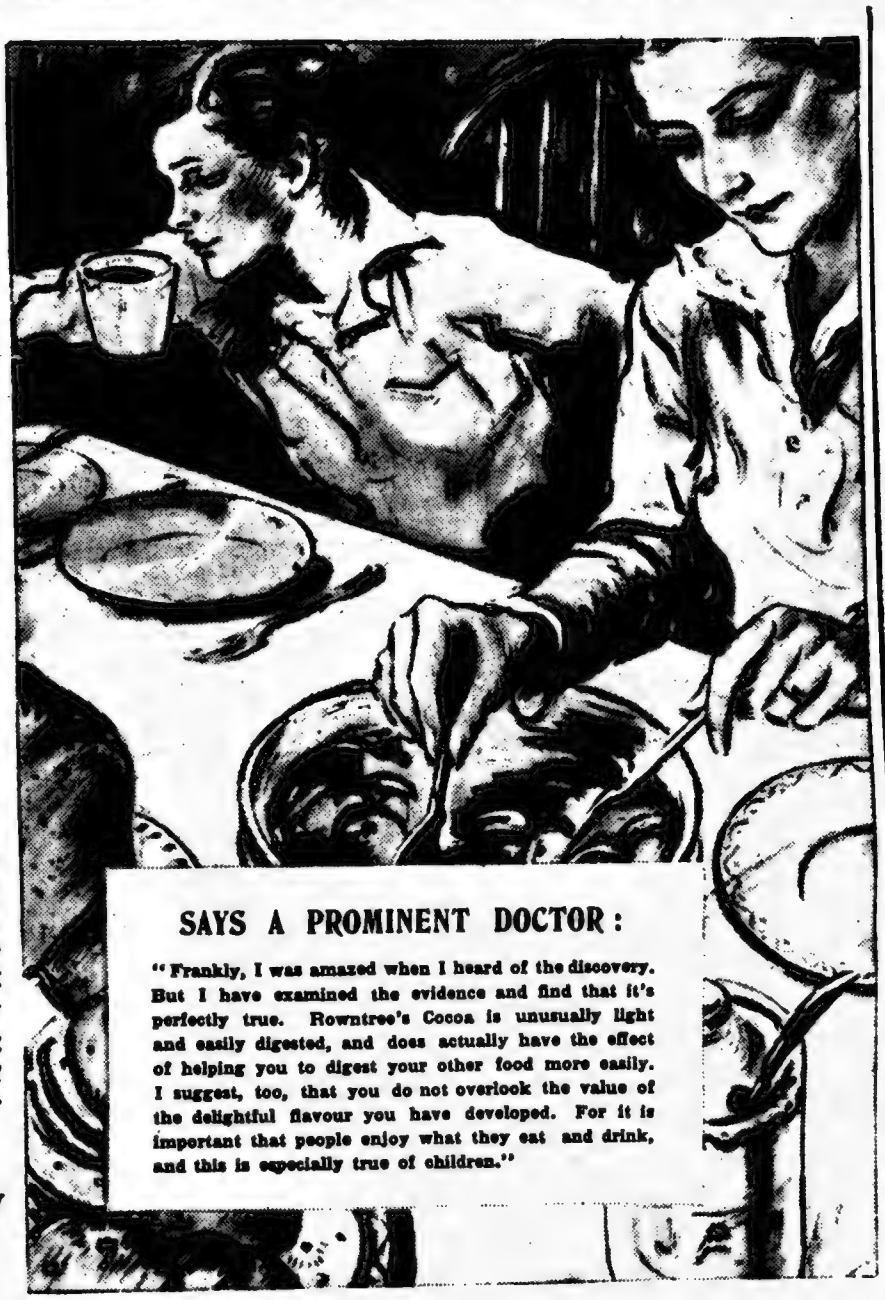
**Now a new discovery has been made about the digestion of food, which will be welcomed by every mother in the country.**

**Scientific tests made in a great hospital have revealed that Rowntree's cocoa is not only easily digested itself—**

**it is so digestible that it actually helps the digestion of other foods eaten with it, so that no excess irritating acid can remain in the stomach.**

**To sum up the discovery briefly: When you drink a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa with your meal, whatever other food you eat is much more completely and effectively digested than it otherwise would be.**

In plain words, this means you get more nourishment from *everything you eat* when you drink Rowntree's Cocoa. Your food does you *more good*. Think how important this is for children! Here's the ideal beverage for them—for supper, or any time of the day—this light, easily digested food-drink. Adults, too, quickly feel the benefit, and enjoy particularly the delicious flavour of Rowntree's. In ¼ and ½ lb. tins at 6d. and 11d., with free gift coupons.



**SAYS A PROMINENT DOCTOR:**

**"Frankly, I was amazed when I heard of the discovery. But I have examined the evidence and find that it's perfectly true. Rowntree's Cocoa is unusually light and easily digested, and does actually have the effect of helping you to digest your other food more easily. I suggest, too, that you do not overlook the value of the delightful flavour you have developed. For it is important that people enjoy what they eat and drink, and this is especially true of children."**

## For Doctors Only

### *Importance of pre-adolescent habits*

The importance of adequate nourishment and well-regulated elimination during the entire period before maturity is too well understood by the medical profession to require comment. On these two factors depend not only energy and growth, but also much of the future functioning of the vital organs.

Now one of the leading bio-chemists of Great Britain, after a long series of exact tests, has proved that Rowntree's Cocoa is not only ideal from the point of view of digestion—because its constituents are readily digested themselves — but that it actually assists the stomach in the digestion and assimilation of other foods.

Further, his tests confirmed again that other drinks frequently given to children are not only heavy and difficult of digestion, but leave in the stomach an undesirable high content of "unbuffered" hydrochloric acid.

Every parent will benefit by this information.

Members of the medical profession and qualified nurses desiring the scientific evidence on which these statements are based will be sent particulars on request. Write to the makers, Dept. J.B.1, Rowntree and Company, Ltd., York, giving qualifications.

# ROWNTREE'S

## The digestible Cocoa

CO 430—84

***Three Free Gift Coupons in Every ¼lb Tin. Price 6d.***

STYLISH designs—a smooth, cosy fabric—trimly-cut garments—good wear at a very reasonable figure! That's "TREMOLA" Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas in a nutshell. See the new ranges of patterns now!

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF Tricoline —THE EQUAL TO SILK

"A Wemco FABRIC"

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See Tab in every Garment None genuine without.

Write (Dept. 15A), 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining.

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The Colours of any Club in the Six Divisions of the Football League can be obtained FREE in Beautiful Macclesfield Ties in connection with "The Big Two"

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## A Romance in Brass

# THE BIG BLAST

WORKERS from the factories, the collieries, and the quarries have done much to put British National music on the map of the world.

On Saturday a number of them are bringing their instruments to London's Crystal Palace for the great brass band National Contests and Festival, and the event will be recognised throughout the world as the final academy in British National Music.

Thirty-two years ago the festival was launched by Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, and Mr. John Henry Iles, who is to-day the popular organiser and director. They had little idea of what a giant they were bringing into being.

In that year twenty-nine bands, each winners of local area contests, were tempted to come to London for a sort of brass bands final. This year 185 bands will compete for the many awards in the seven sections of this now huge national music festival.

Judging the winners in the seven sections is an affair of secrecy and great precaution, as it should be.

Seven tents are erected, and into them go, three for the championship section and two for each of the remainder, a number of expert judges whose names are unknown until the actual morning of the great day.

They remain there until the "close of play." On no account whatever do they show themselves outside their tents. They hear band after band playing the same tune.

VERY deserving of acclamation are these judges for their wonderful fortitude in remaining in a stuffy atmosphere something like eight hours listening always to the same tune.

Some fifty or sixty thousand followers of these bands will make the journey to town to listen to the contests, with the sharpened ears of critics as well as of enthusiasts.

*A big blow in a great cause—and a glimpse at the massed bands playing in front of the Crystal Palace*

Excepting those "on the inside," few can know what this great festival means, not only to those nearly five thousand bandsmen and their army of followers, but to an even vaster army many times as big, scattered among nearly two hundred districts of Great Britain in cotton and woollen factory towns, in colliery valleys, in quarry hills, railway and motor works, and even small country villages, as well as the prosperous London suburbs and busy cities of the provinces

The only comparison is the local patriotism of a football team and its followers, when the club gets into an important league or national cup final.

And yet it is very different. The same patriotism is there, but it is born of not merely hero-worship; there is a real love of music among these groups of men who take their humble places in the ranks of the industrial legion of Britain's workers. Each bandsman must be a *bonâ-fide* amateur.

And on Saturday one of the leaders will hear his band called "the Champion Band of the British Empire"; and it will be publicly presented with the 1,000-guinea gold trophy to carry back in triumph to its native heath.

Steadily, throughout the world, these brass bands of Great Britain are building up respect and enthusiasm for a class of music that is accepted as typically national of our country.

Now foremost British composers are eager and proud to write original pieces specially for the contests and for the libraries of the bands. Sir Edward Elgar wrote the Silver Jubilee test-piece.

For this year's contest another leading British composer, Mr. John Ireland, has written a test-piece that, in the opinion of experts, will rank as a classic equal in beauty and skill to that of Elgar.

THROUGHOUT the year ex-champion bands, as well as the current champions, find their engagement books filled to overflowing, and at seaside resorts and in concert halls hundreds of thousands of people are able to enjoy music rendered with skill and sympathy.

For the actual championship some twenty-four of the best bands of the country will compete, six of which are previous champions. They will hail from eleven British counties; from fields as far apart as St. Denis in Cornwall to Durham and Glasgow, taking in London and the Midlands *en route*.

Yorkshire will have no fewer than six bands in the championship section alone.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# AIR POCKET!

FIRDAUSSI was one of a trio I chose for the Cambridgeshire and he rebuffed me by winning the St. Leger and thereby incurred a penalty for the Newmarket event. Taj Kasra has followed Dastur and his stable companions out of the Cesarewitch.

The last calamity enables me to consider

**AIR POCKET**

for the Cesarewitch. I understand that Fred Butters' four-year-old is a certain runner, and he will be my final selection providing he keeps fit.

The Beckhampton candidate, Claymore, has claims to consideration, but Air Pocket, who beat him at Gatwick in August over two miles, meets him on a stone better terms.

Solenoid (7 to 1) and Greenore (11 to 10), won at Ayr, followed by a 16 to 1 double at Leicester, Strela (3 to 1) and Mata Hari (11 to 4) were recent Code winners.

At Alexandra Park this week-end Meritondy, Dinos and Puella look "good."

A word about football. Keen followers of Soccer form will do well to study the selections given by *Sporting Life* experts. Follow the forecast by "International"—it will make your football profitable.

### "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers racing from Thursday, September 29, to Wednesday, October 5.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q

O R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

P9896SEIMB would read CANFIELD.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

FPU2C would read SCOOP.

# A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS

## FOR OCTOBER 1

**FIRST DIVISION.**

*(1) DERBY v. Manchester City.
(2) NEWCASTLE v. Huddersfield.
*(3) VILLA v. Chelsea.
(4) BLACKBURN v. Sunderland.
(5) BOLTON v. Leicester.
(6) EVERTON v. Liverpool.
*(7) LEEDS v. Birmingham.
(8) Middlesbro' v PORTSMOUTH.
(9) Wednesday v. W.B. ALBION.
(10) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Sheffield U.
(11) Blackpool v. ARSENAL.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) SWANSEA v. Notts County.
(2) FULHAM v. Southampton.
**(3) BRADFORD CITY v. Port Vale.
(4) CHARLTON v. Bradford.
(5) CHESTERFIELD v. Millwall.
(6) LINCOLN v. Grimsby.
(7) MANCHESTER U. v. Preston.
(8) Forest v. Plymouth.
(9) STOKE v. Burnley.
(10) HOTSPUR v. Oldham.
(11) West Ham v. BURY.

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) Gillingham v. PALACE.
(2) WATFORD v. Southend.
**(3) BRENTFORD v. Boscombe.
(4) BRISTOL CITY v. Orient.
(5) CARDIFF v. Q.P. Rangers.
*(6) COVENTRY v. Swindon.
(7) EXETER v. Luton.
(8) NORWICH v. Bristol Rovers.
**(9) READING v. Aldershot.
(10) TORQUAY v. Newport.

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

**(1) HARTLEPOOLS v. Darlington.
(2) Tranmere v. GATESHEAD.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Doncaster.
(4) Barrow v. Chester.
*(5) CARLISLE v. New Brighton.
**(6) CREWE v. Rotherham.
(7) HALIFAX v. Stockport.
(8) Hull v Southport.
(9) ROCHDALE v. Mansfield.
(10) WREXHAM v. Walsall.
(11) York v ACCRINGTON.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

**(1) KILMARNOCK v. E. Stirling.
(2) RANGERS v. Motherwell.
(3) ABERDEEN v. Third Lanark.
(4) Clyde v. Cowdenbeath.
(5) FALKIRK v. Partick.
*(6) HAMILTON v. Ayr.
(7) Hearts v. Celtic.
(8) MORTON v. Dundee.
(9) Queen's Park v. St. Mirren.
*(10) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Airdrie.

## SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—11 (*A*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—8 (*H*); Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Bury, Reading, Crewe and Kilmarnock.

# An Electric Headlamp for 2/6!

Here's one of the very best friends a cyclist can possess—an all-black Ever Ready Cycle Lamp—for 2/6 only. Put *this* lamp on your bike, and your night-riding troubles are over. In the loneliest country, along the darkest roads, the brilliant beam from the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp points the way and, in case of punctures, illuminates the wheel with a steady, sufficient light.

**ABOUT ½d. AN HOUR IN USE**

With all its advantages—cleanliness, safety, brilliance—the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp costs you only about ½d. per hour. The Lamp and battery are guaranteed satisfactory—by the makers of the famous Ever Ready batteries for the past 30 years. Ask your cycle dealer or hardware stores to show you the Ever Ready Cycle Lamp.

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If you lived on a ranch .... think what a selection of fresh, nutritious meat you could put into your soups! And if you could blend into them the world's finest vegetables, tender and garden-fresh, what wonderful soups they would be! Yet no better than those prepared by Heinz. For Heinz can and *do* command the world's best meat and the comeliest vegetables for their twelve varieties of meat and cream soups. In their cream soups, too, the cream is *real* cream; rich, pure and nourishing. That is why Heinz Soups are absolutely "the real thing" and so different from all other kinds.

**57 British and Best**

# HEINZ *new* SOUPS

**ready to serve**

**Heinz also make:**
Vegetable Soup, Scotch Broth, Beef Broth, Julienne, Mulligatawny, Green Pea, Tomato Soup, Celery Soup, Asparagus Soup

From 6d. upwards (except Tomato and Asparagus Soups). These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

# Smokers who want Quality

*find sure Satisfaction in this Famous Brand*

**PLAYER'S**

# DIGGER

**TOBACCOS**

DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER HONEYDEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER BLACK CUT
CAVENDISH

PER 8D OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.10.B.

## FALSE RUMOUR DENIED.

We have been requested by the Manufacturers of 'CLUBS' Cigarettes to state that a British-made Shirt is still obtainable for 150 empty 'CLUBS' packets, and that this offer will remain open until September 30th. There is no truth whatever in certain rumours which have been current that their offer to 'CLUBS' smokers closed on August 31st.

Readers of "JOHN BULL" are advised to continue saving their empty 'CLUBS' packets towards a further Offer which will commence on November 1st, and full details of which will be announced in this paper on that date.

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## CATESBYS CORK LINO

Definitely it does not pay to buy cheap-quality floor coverings. No other Lino is "just as good" as Catesbys Cork Lino, which has held the leadership for over half a century. New designs and colourings are introduced every season, but the sturdy hard-wearing quality remains unchanged. If you've never tried Catesbys Lino, do so now. It will bring a jolly touch of colour to your home.

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Two super quality white All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped edges 66 x 88ins. weight 7½lbs.

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Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheet 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.

One coloured Alhambra Hemmed Quilt. Size 73 x 94ins.

One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.

Two pure White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.

One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins

IMPORTANT. As an extra advantage, we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service: 4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, & 4 Tea Spoons all of 'Columbian' Silver which wears white all through.

30 years character for honourable trading. *Catalogue Post Free.*

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.


# MY MOST WONDERFUL DREAM

THE notes of a bugle rang out and I fell into line, automatically drawing myself up to attention. They came—sans the sound of tramping feet—a vast concourse of marching men, in perfect formation.

No martial strains heralded their approach. The stillness transfixed me.

Spotless white had replaced mud-spattered khaki tunics, and the haggard looks born of Armageddon had given place to a smile of supreme content.

Again and again came a face I knew, all bearing the aspect of perfect happiness.

Perhaps as I slept I was really close to that great Legion of the Dead.—*Robt. W. Lock, Devon.*

### *His "Ghost"*

I had promised to speak at a meeting, and before going to bed tried to prepare the outline of my address, but could make no satisfactory headway, and went to bed.

In my dream I was giving the address I had been trying to prepare, and now I heard myself bring forward clearly the very arguments and points which had eluded my mind.

I awoke, and made a note of the main points of my "dream speech." A few days later I used these points with satisfactory results.—"*Speaker*," *Braunton.*

### *Consoled*

After my little boy died, I was haunted by the memory of his terrible sufferings during his last months.

Despairingly, I prayed one day that I might be given proof that he was at rest.

That night I dreamt I was in a cottage that stood in a wonderful garden. I saw my little boy playing in the grass, that was so green it seemed no mortal had ever trodden there. His voice rang like a bell, as he called to his playmates.

That dream lingers, a consolation and fragrant memory.—*Mrs. P., Plumstead.*

### *Healer Found*

Despite medical care, my child was slowly sinking under a mysterious illness. I was in despair until I dreamed three successive times that a bearded man stood gazing thoughtfully by the sick bed of my little one.

The following day I was in a chemist's shop when the man of my dreams entered. When he left I enquired his name, and was told that it was Dr. X.

I sought his help, and his knowledge of rare diseases saved my little girl's life.—*Mrs. A. Andrews, Manchester.*

### *Perfect Peace*

Worn out with anguish and despair I fell asleep. I saw a land all bright and fair. Instead of slums, ideal garden cities everywhere. Sickness and sorrow healed. Idleness and dissipation unknown.

Fine, healthy people with stately bearing, yet graceful and gentle in manner, were occupied pleasantly, without precipitation. No anxious, careworn looks, all faces radiant with peaceful happiness, benevolence, good will.

Intelligence and goodness reigned. Wrong and injury banished, all creation breathed harmony and joy of being.

A peace I had never known came into my soul.—*B. G., Liverpool.*

### *Quite True!*

On the eve of a big race I dreamt of the finish. When a workmate mentioned "a good thing," which turned out to be No. 4 in the paper, I remembered the number and backed it. The horse came in fourth.—*J. Phelan, Kent.*

### *Not Sold*

I lived alone, my only companion being "Paddy," a rough-coated terrier. One day, after his usual run, he failed to return.

Several nights later I dreamt that he was to be sold in the animal market of a distant town. Mid-day found me in the place depicted in my dream, and there I found him.

I shall never forget his pleasure at our reunion, nor the dream which was the cause.—*Mrs. Miller, Notts.*

### *An Omen?*

*Before me, pointing to the sky, were the mighty guns of a great battleship. On my two sides were piled all the dreadful weapons of "civilised" warfare. In my dream all these symbols of destruction seemed to murmur together, ominously, as if they were hatching some horrible plot. . . .*

*Then suddenly there came a blinding flash and I saw the big guns topple and sink through the ground, all the frightful weapons disappeared and the threatening murmur was replaced by a peaceful hush: pleasant scenery and happy people filled my vision. . . .*

*Oh, if only that dream will prove a true omen that the world will soon be released from war's terrible threat!*—*A. A. P., Southampton.*

### *"Please Don't"*

As a girl of twenty, I went out to business, and accepted the invitation of a wealthy man to dinner.

He asked me to become his mistress. Having to give him an answer the next day, I retired for the night.

In my dreams came my mother, with a look of sorrow on her dear face. She sadly shook her head, saying: "Minnie, please don't."

Never shall I forget that wonderful dream. I refused my wealthy lover, and found happiness as the wife of an honest working man.—*Mrs. A., Letchworth.*

### *Wife's Advice*

Nineteen years ago I dreamt of my "stall" underground. As I cut and hewed, stripped to the waist, there came a blinding flash, followed by a deafening roar.

Alarmed beyond measure, I awoke, and it was some time before I returned to normal. On the advice of my wife, to whom I had recounted my terrifying dream, I stayed home from work.

That morning occurred one of the most disastrous explosions in Senghenydd, where over four hundred perished.—"*Survivor*," *Bridgend.*

### *Treasure Trove*

A few years ago, while out blackberrying, I lost a treasured possession of great sentimental value.

A long time after I dreamt of the same place, and in a rut in the ground near the hedgerow saw my trinket.

Rather sceptical, I made my way to the spot, and there, sure enough, it lay, just where I had seen it, thus making my dream come true and causing me great joy at its recovery.—*C. H., Pickering.*

*"The Greatest of These"—*

# A Hungry Babe

DEREK'S father holds the Indian General Service Medal and Clasp. He served eight years in the Army, and was twice mentioned in despatches.

*Derek*

So long has he been unemployed that early in August his unemployment pay ceased. When he applied to the Public Assistance Committee for relief, he was offered an order for the workhouse.

His young wife, who came to us holding Derek's sister, one of the smallest babies we have ever seen, in her arms, is sadly distressed. "I don't mind for myself," she said. "It is for the babies."

She has recently come out of hospital, where her infant was prematurely born, weighing 4 lb. 2 oz. at birth. Now, at the age of two months, she weighs 6 lb.

When she was leaving hospital, the nurses gave her and the baby clothes, for she had none. Previous to this, she had secured a post, but owing to an accident to her knee, at the end of the first week had to leave it.

Because she suffered from malnutrition before the baby's birth, she has developed a tubercular chest, and should have cod liver oil and malt in addition to nourishing food, which are out of the question on the few shillings at present allowed them in relief. "By Wednesday," said Derek's dad, "we have nothing at all."

To add to their trials, they have twice been turned out of their abode because they could not meet the rent, and their present rent of 16s. a week is totally beyond their means; but a couple with two babies are given the cold shoulder by the majority of landlords.

Derek is a fine little chap, and there is nothing to prevent his baby sister from developing into a normal child, provided our readers will help their parents in their present crisis by sending donations earmarked for "Derek."

All subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. A list of the current week's donations can be seen at the office.

## OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, October 4.

**The First Thing I Remember**

## FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels 2/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 2/11 doz. Genuine Tremois Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time, every kind; good profits. 192-page Cat. free.—MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

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FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

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MONEY FOR XMAS: Sole Agents sell Seasonable Novelty. Good commission paid weekly.—Write, T. P. (J.B.), 70, Victoria St., Lnd., S.W.1.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 64 line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—FENN, Dept. X, 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

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## BARGAIN SALES.

A Free Advertisement for you! See to-day's "Exchange & Mart," 2d., all newsagents, 3d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

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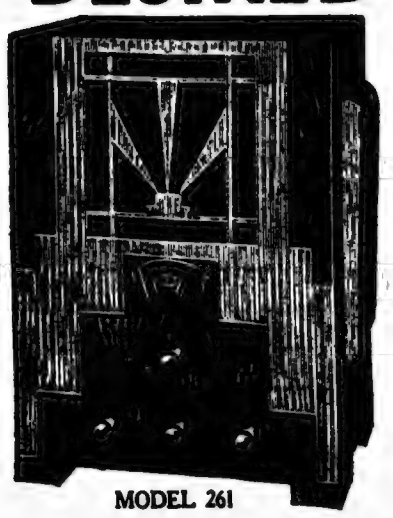
*Or 20/- deposit secures, with 18/8 monthly for 14 months.*



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We are proud to offer the British public this, our very latest Radio achievement, the culmination of months of research and costly experiment. Definitely there is nothing on the market to equal it at under 16 guineas . . . Only because we are content with small profit and large turnover are we able to price it at such a low figure. Nothing has been spared to maintain a standard of high quality, compatible to the most costly sets of the three or four valve class. Every part balanced into one perfect harmonious unit. See and hear it and we guarantee you'll yield to its enchanting tone, its captivating appearance, and its satisfying performance.

ROLA MOVING COIL SPEAKER, ILLUMINATED DIAL, B.V.A. VALVES, MAINS AERIAL, PICK-UP TAPPINGS, ARTISTIC WALNUT finished CABINET.

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*at any of the following Branches, or write for free Brochure.*

**FULLOTONE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.12), 73, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.**
*'Phone: Gulliver 1017. Also Branches at*
**CROYDON: 41, George St., E. HAM: 149, High St. (N.), TOTTENHAM: 561, High Rd. LIVERPOOL: 13, Paradise Street. GLASGOW: 312, Argyle Street.**

## OR FROM ANY GOOD DEALER

*Applications for limited dealerships invited from High-class dealers.*

EARN MONEY WRITING articles or short stories. Send MS. for free criticism. Postcard brings Prospectus.—Scottish School of Journalism (Dept. E.), 59, Bath Street, Glasgow.

POLICE RECRUITS. — Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Good pay and prospects. Those interested in joining Metropolitan, City, County or Borough Forces should send for free details of entrance requirements to B.T.I., 29B, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BUY HOSIERY from actual manufacturers. Catlg. free.—TRUNIT HOSIERY CO., Textile Exchange, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4.

A Paying Profession.—Become a Certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

START a business of your own at home and make money at once. Free book offered by Anvil, Ltd., tells how (see advt. top left of page 3). Mention *John Bull*.

## BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/16. Welsh 3/3. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

FOR HOME CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIRS. Timber, Hardware, Wallpaper, Paint, etc. Bargain Prices. List free.—Dircon Service, 440, Cromwell House, London, W.C.1.

FREE Cat. of Catesbys famous Cork Lino, designs, samples, and easy term prices. Simply send a p.c. to the address in the advt. on p. 30. Mention *John Bull*.

SOLVE your lighting problems by writing to Aladdin Industries, Ltd., 284, Aladdin Bldg., Greenford, Middx., for free Cat. showing variety of styles, colours & shades, and partics. of the Super-Aladdin Lamps. See p. 34.

## WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts, Repairs, 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Oldst., Lnd., EC1.

IF you have Electricity in your House send for our Mains Radio Catalogue (F.); if not, send for our Battery Catalogue (F.1), both showing 14 of the latest Radio Sets and Radiograms from 75/-. Any set supplied on payment of small Deposit and easy monthly Instalments. Catalogues Post Free. Write to-day to Regent Radio, Ltd., 4, Golden Square, London, W.1.

FREE.—Write for descriptive brochure of Fullotone all-Electric Radio Receivers offered on easy terms of 20/- down. Address appears in large advert. on this page.

## MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. Small Quantities at Wholesale Prices. Good blends from 9d. lb. carr. pd. Free samps.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

TEA WHOLESALE 9d. lb. in Chests, or 9 lb. for 8/-. Special 2/- Tea 9 lb. 11/3. Samps and Carr. Free.—SIZER, 182/4, Roman Rd., Bow, E.3.

## DRESS.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-. 73-Home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/-, for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

## MEDICAL CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful; no lumpy pads, no springs, durable cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogues free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482G.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots', etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Spl. 2d.

PILES relieved instantly by the wonderful Hemosol Treatment. No ointment, medicine nor appliance. Send 1½d. stamp for FREE booklet on this remarkable discovery.—Hemosol Laboratories, 1, Ramsden Road, London, S.W.12.

A RUPTURE APPLIANCE with unpuncturable rubber pads for 10/- only is illustrated on page 2 in advt. of London Surgical Co.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. Rivers (J.B.92), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

A FREE supply of "Man Zan" is offered to sufferers from Hæmorrhoids in the advt. on p. 33.

FREE to Indigestion sufferers. Cut out coupon in the advt. on p. 22 for generous sample of "Ciefa," the wonder remedy.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 7a, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU need "HEALTH & STRENGTH." Try it FREE! Send postcard for specimen copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1.

LIVE RATS ARE DEAD RATS IN ONE NIGHT WITH RODINE. A CUSTOMER PICKED UP 61 DEAD RATS AFTER LAYING DOWN RODINE. 7½d. & 1/3. ALL CHEMISTS OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Mention *John Bull*.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS. You can't stop eating them. Must be DUKE'S.

28-page Cookery Book free. Cooking is easy once you've obtained your copy of the STORK MARGARINE Cookery Book. Simply fill in your name and address in the coupon on p. 28.

KEEP your dentures clean and sweet. A free sample of Kolynos Denture Powder will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 30.

FREE.—Every woman should get a copy of the Milton booklet. It's offered free in the advt. on p. 27. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER.—A large tin of Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is offered on p. 23. Simply fill in coupon and PIN a 1½d. stamp.

QUALIFIED nurses and doctors desiring further information concerning the dietary value of Rowntree's Cocoa can obtain scientific evidence by giving qualifications and writing to Dept. J.B.1, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 27.

**FREE** Expectant mothers should wear a Maternity Belt. I give one free, or, a beautiful dressing jacket.

Send 1/6 only

Purchaser writes: The garments are wonderful. They are really worth double. Thanking you for the excellent Free Gift.

## BABY CLOTHES 30/-

75 MORE HAND-MADE GARMENTS EVERYTHING NEEDED

Beautiful Christening Robes, Robe Slip, Afternoon Gowns, Night-gowns, Mat. Coats, Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, large Terry Naps, Pilches and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 1/6 for parcel on appro. and satisfy yourself before paying balance on terms or cash, money back guarantee.

**Mrs. Sturgess, 87, Ellisg Road, Northampton.**

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BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc. Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

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# Last Days of this COLOSSAL OFFER

WIN THIS
RECORD X-WORD PRIZE
£8
OR
ONE LUMP SUM OF
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GUINEAS
£100 FOR RUNNERS-UP
£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO SEND TWO OF ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE
SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WISH FOR THIS CONTEST
ENTER BY NOON THURS. OCT. 6

NOW comes your final opportunity to win the most sensational Crossword prize ever offered—a staggering Life Pension of £8 a week every Saturday—or 3,000 Guineas in one lump sum. But remember—only for a few days more is this enormous reward for solving the amusing puzzle within your reach.

Again and again big Crossword prizes offered by "John Bull" have been won outright. But the prize which you can capture now with a speedy entry is even bigger than the £3,000 recently secured by a Welsh miner, Mr. Daniel Jenkins, of Lloyds Bank House, Llandeilo.

Out with your pen and start filling up those fascinating squares! Provided your entry is in by noon, Thursday, October 6th, a telegram on Friday, October 14th, may bring you independence for life!

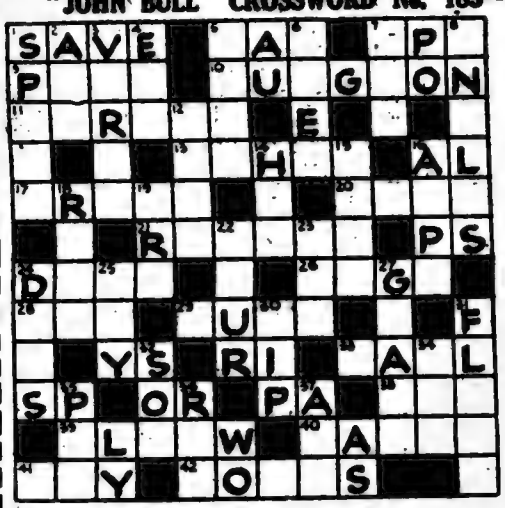
## CLUES ACROSS

1. Put by.
5. Men-o'-war were once built of.
7. Health resort.
9. Seaside steamers call at.
10. Dark underground prison.
11. What office-boy runs.
13. Fire leaves these in grate.
17. Vision while sleeping.
20. Not always occupied.
21. Reposed.
24. Describes gramophone record.
26. Lower limbs.
28. It flows from a pen.
29. You sometimes ride on this.
33. Hearing one makes mother anxious.
38. We drink it in the afternoon.
39. Joint in the arm.
40. Goods are packed in these.
41. It seems longest when you're weary.
42. Are often untied and taken off.

## CLUES DOWN

1. We do this on our roads.
2. Airman is at home in.
3. It helps poet to live.
4. Number of years.
5. Opposite of "evens."
6. Leg joint.
7. S.O.S. often comes from this.
8. Auntie tries to conceal them.
12. You are known by this.
14. You'll find it on the beach in summer.
25. Swagger.
26. Swiss mountains.
28. Pessimist predicts it for to-morrow.
29. Part of a circle.
32. It gives a nasty dig.
33. A tiny fairy.
34. Are often taken away on holiday.
35. We like to see it blue.
37. These are common in India.
50. Tear up.
31. Often comes from bootlegger's pocket.
32. Weep convulsively.
34. Sheltered side of a ship.
35. It is found in a pod.
36. Steal.
37. Perform.

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 183—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 6



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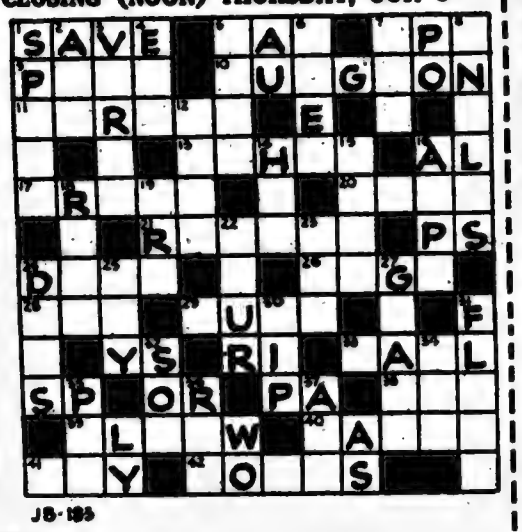


JB-183

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

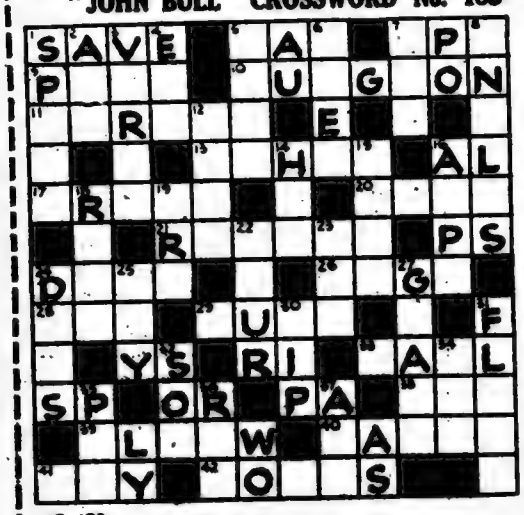
**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 183—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 6



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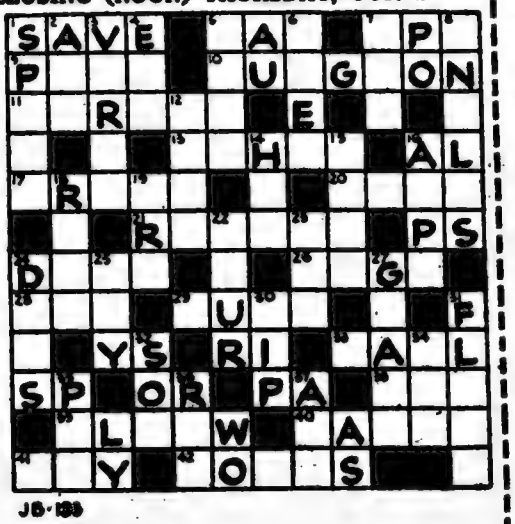


JB-183

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post as early as possible.
**ADDRESS ENTRY** "John Bull" Crossword No. 183, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

*If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.*

**ENTRY FEE** With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £8 a week or 3,000 Guineas cash for a correct solution on one square of this puzzle. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution and winners of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, October 20.

**READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.**

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it "& Co."; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 6th, 1932.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, October 20th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, November 1st, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

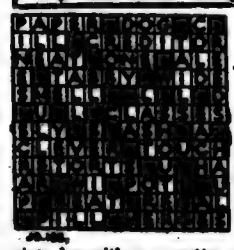
4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared 3,000 Guineas cash will be paid instead of dividing life pension.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED**



JB-182

**Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 182**

Result of 183 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 182 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

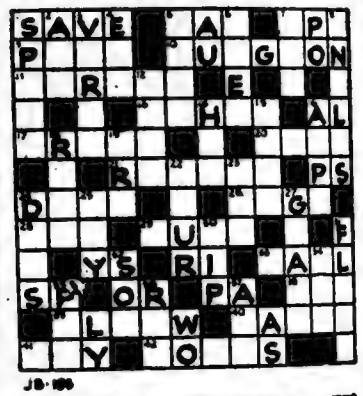
**X-WORD FIRST AGAIN WON OUTRIGHT!**

*See No. 181 Result on page 34.*

**EXTRA ENTRY FORMS FREE** Two other entry-forms appeared in last week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" Crossword Department, 57, Long Acre, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny entry-forms required.

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW**

These miniature reproductions of this Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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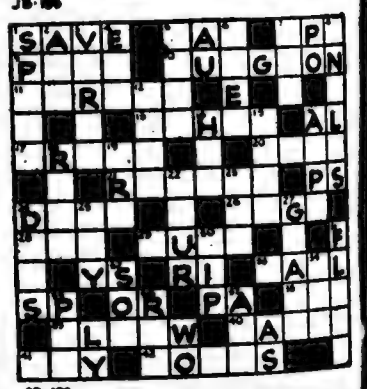

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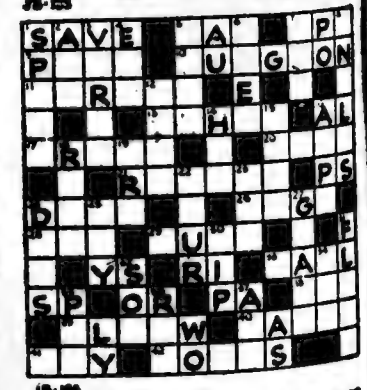

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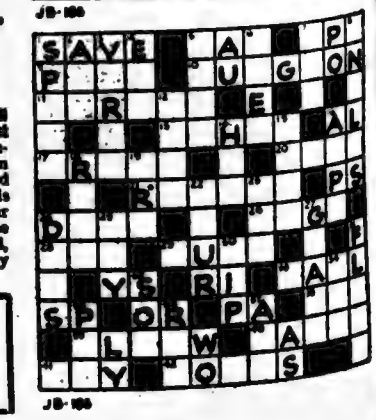


JB-183

# The Editor Laughs Last

*J. H. G. (Chelsea).—"Mrs. Browne told me to come to dinner in my business clothes, but she got a shock when she saw me." . . .*

P. S. T. (Neath).—"The devil is well educated." Um, yes, a Master of Arts.

A. P. (Welwyn).—"There's money in honey." Nevertheless, some people get stung.

A. C. (Hampstead).—"What is the cheapest thing a car can be run on?" Credit.

F. G. (London).—"Scottish girls are beautifully plump." Not bony Highland lassies.

TEACHER (Bude).—"Secondary education is still behind the times." In other words, secondary.

M. C. (Bristol).—"Is early baldness in men caused by hats?" Yes, by their wives' expensive hats.

G. K. (Thorpe Bay).—"Many people here are complaining of milk thieves." Cat burglars, perhaps.

L. B. (Elstree).—"My neighbour and I both suffer from lumbago." We suppose you often enjoy a little back chat.

CRITICAL (Carlisle).—"How is it that so many people need glasses to-day?" It may be to see through the crisis.

JERRY (Anerley).—"Does a woman ever reveal all she is thinking of a man?" It's evident you are not married.

P. K. (London, W.).—"People look down on the pictures I paint." Which is your particular piece of pavement?

DORIS (Whitchurch). — "Guess what I'm going to get if I make my husband a cake every day?" His life insurance?

W. B. (Teddington).—"My brother, who is an enthusiastic pianist, is liked by everybody." Except your neighbours.

T. M. (Colne).—"This is the seventh letter I have written to-day." Our thoughts are with our fellow-sufferers.

N. T. (Brixton).—"Every night this year I have written down in a book my day's thoughts." Have you filled a page yet?

G. P. S. (Richmond). — "The beautiful poetry that is in me almost causes me suffering." It causes us a lot more as soon as you put it on paper.

C. W. (Rotherham).—"All the world loves a lover." Except when he's trying to steer a car through a busy street with one hand.

FED-UP (Surrey). —"When are you going to have something really funny on this page?" Be patient. May be one of these fine days we will publish your letter in its entirety.

K. L. (Clapham).—"When children cry it is usually a sign they want something." Or that they've just had it.

N. P. (Wimbledon).—"People should take care not to end their holidays on the wrong note." Most people end theirs without any notes at all.

*. . . Why, are you a swimming instructor?*

R. M. (Burnley).—"The specialist made a rough sketch of the inside of my head." He drew a blank, as it were?

D. M. (Colne).—"Can you read my character from my writing?" No, we cannot even read your writing.

B. T. (Ilford).—"My husband never tells me of his business losses." Evidently you never ask him to buy you clothes.

D. N. (Halifax).—"My small son is wilful, disobedient and bad-tempered, but he knows just what he wants." So do we.

G. M. (Goole).—"By using my brains I have made myself what I am to-day." Bad workmen always blame their tools.

F. G. (Peterboro').—"Roman walls were often three feet or more in thickness." Yet there was no wireless in those days.

D. E. (Brixton).—"What do women want with a new dress each season?" A new hat, usually.

O. A. (Balham).—"I claim to have the best kept garden in London." And the most insistent wife?

M. P. H. (Macclesfield).—"What really causes rain?" Going out without a mackintosh.

P. J. (Ancaster).—"My husband says I'm far above the average woman." Perhaps he knows that the average woman uses only about 10,000 words a day.

W. M. (Brighton).—"I cannot understand why my firm has suddenly dismissed me, as I'm sure I've done nothing." Perhaps that's why.

K. A. (Clitheroe).—"This craze for Yo-Yo is the most utter waste of good time." Try a little harder. You may master it yet.

J. C. (Dewsbury).—"Women are smoking less nowadays." That's probably because fewer people object to their smoking.

*ADAMSON'S Bee-Bonnet*

*IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.*

C. T. (Staines).—"There are certain people who drive their fellow-men too far." Taxi-drivers?

P. K. (Aylesbury).—"What is untold wealth?" The income you don't enter in Schedule D.

PROUD (Cardiff).—"thisis the furst £etter I h@ve writen o%n my NeW typeriter." We should never have guessed it!

L. F. (Ash).—"Now that cricket has finished I've taken up with motoring." Ah! now, perhaps, you will hit something.

C. L. (Appledore).—"Do you know that every London road is full of buried history?" Now we understand what those pneumatic drillers are looking for.

S. M. (Le Touquet).—"The English climate doesn't agree with me." Don't worry; it doesn't even agree with the weather experts.

D. N. (Letchworth).—"My small son offered me a penny for my thoughts." No doubt he is too young to realise the value of money.

M. B. (Bath).—"My husband finds that a nap on Sunday afternoons is soothing for his nerves." Then it is very thoughtful of you to have one.

DORIS (Baldock).—"I cannot make up my mind whom to invite to my twenty-first birthday party." Why not the same crowd as before?

BEAU BRUMMEL (Mayfair).—"I have often been mistaken for a millionaire." So have we—by the Inland Revenue authorities.

P. J. (Doncaster).—"I'm going to give this letter to my husband to post." We were wondering why you dated it April 18, 1927.

C. R. (Shrewsbury).—"Why should my neighbour bang on the wall each time I play the piano?" Probably he is fond of music.

H. L. (Dundee).—"A collection of good books is not really difficult to attain." No—the main difficulty is preventing the owners getting them back.

L. N. (Belfast).—"I am told that this medicine will make a different man of me in three weeks." Write to us again in a month.

J. S. M. (Leeds).—"I've noticed that troubles generally come three at a time." Still—joys often do the same thing. For instance, look at page 35 and see this week's Pension, big Cheque and Radio Gramophone for a *Bullet*.

POET (Lewes).—"I write little rhymes which I think you'll agree, are worthy to be at the top of the tree." No! Down in the depths of our w.p.b.

D. S. (Atherstone).—"When I cannot rest at night, I get up and write letters." We are sending along a large packet of sleeping powders.

DRESSMAKER (Liverpool).—"The common pin is the cause of much irritation in this world." Especially when the horse it picks isn't anywhere near the first three.

MRS. D. M. (Greenock).—"The most soothing time on the wireless is when a promenade concert is being broadcast." Another restful period is from midnight till 10 a.m.

GARDENER (Sudbury).—"Do plum-trees provide growers with more fruit than cherry-trees?" It all depends on whether the small boys of the neighbourhood prefer plums to cherries.

D. R. B. (Warwick).—"A spinal surgeon warns people against sitting on backless forms to listen to a public speaker." It is, of course, by no means easy to sleep and keep one's balance at the same time.

MRS. D. (Bloomsbury).—"A well-known M.P. is said to have received an invitation to settle down in America." It is denied, however, that the invitation came from this country.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*


## WHEN CHEST IS TIGHT AND WHEEZY

### By a Chemist

When breathing is 'shallow' and laboured and you find it difficult to get a good filling of air into the lungs, it is obvious that germ-laden phlegm which clogs the bronchial tubes *must be dispersed*, and for this purpose I find nothing compares with honey syrup. Half a teaspoonful of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup will instantly give amazing relief to adult or child. Containing antiseptic Pine to kill germs, Squills and Ipecac to loosen phlegm, Menthol to clear Bronchial passages and Balsam of Tolu and Honey to soothe and heal soreness and inflammation, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup goes straight to the root of this distressing trouble, quickly clearing the chest and lungs and ending the irritating cough which is generally present. A bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup can be obtained from any chemist for eighteen-pence; it will stop any cough, and I strongly recommend it for immediate relief.—D. F. D.

## AUTOMATIC DELIVERY

One-at-a-time; one paper releases the next in the patent ZIG-ZAG packing. Rolling with ZIG-ZAG saves 3½d. in the shilling.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

Ask your chemist about this remedy for

## PILES

—or let us send you a

## A FREE SUPPLY!

If you are a sufferer from pile trouble there is no need for us to describe the constant pain, the down-dragging misery, the chronic irritation this ailment brings—you know it only too well.

If you are being tortured with itching, bleeding piles, let us send you a free test supply of Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy, then you can prove, without expense, how quickly this soothing, healing balm does end the maddening irritation and restore the parts to clean health, without fear of return of the trouble.

Remember, pile trouble neglected may lead to operation and certainly there is no need to await this expensive end. Get your free test supply of Man Zan at once and be pain-free, healthy and happy. Just send your name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R15), Croydon, Surrey. If you prefer to get the usual 3/- supply, in the special applicator tube, you will find chemists everywhere stock this, or, in case of difficulty, send remittance to proprietors.

## NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

### NEURITIS & INDIGESTION

Mrs. Lacy, 9, Belvoir St., Mapperley, Nottingham writes:—"If people knew the value of Vitadatio, there need not be half the suffering we hear of every day. I have been very ill with a Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis on the Nerves of the Stomach and Indigestion, and am pleased to say that after persevering with Vitadatio, I am a different person. I strongly advise any sufferer to give this strength-giving medicine a trial."

**Vitadatio** SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottle, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

# No more Shaving!

## NO RAZOR —NO CUTS

This marvellous discovery of modern science entirely supersedes the old shaving methods.

Throw away that razor. Stop buying those expensive blades. SNOW will give you the smoothest, closest shave you've ever known, and one which lasts longer than any razor shave.

1 A really tough beard.

2 Snow evenly applied.

3 The smoothest shave you ever had—and without a razor.

**SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY**

SHAVING NO LONGER NECESSARY.

The soothing, gentle application of SNOW which "Breaks off" the hair at its softest point, where it emerges from the pores, ensures an amazingly close shave and cannot possibly harm the most sensitive skin.

SNOW is easily and quickly applied. When it is removed the beard goes with it! Its efficiency is astounding.

SNOW IS MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND.

The medical profession approves of it. It has passed the most scrupulous analysis and scientific tests. Thousands use it regularly. Do not delay a moment—send off the coupon below, and begin a new era of complete shaving comfort.

Simply apply 'SNOW'

WITH SPATULA OR FIBRE BRUSH

*"SNOW" received the enthusiastic approval of a professor of a world-famous university and has been tested and endorsed by a well-known London analytical Chemist.*

**POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY**

To Britannia Laboratories, 13 Little Titchfield Street, London, W.1. Please send me post free in accordance with your guarantee offer.

One full-size box of "Snow," with spatula, 1/9.

One box containing 2½ times as much, with spatula and special fibre brush, 2/9.

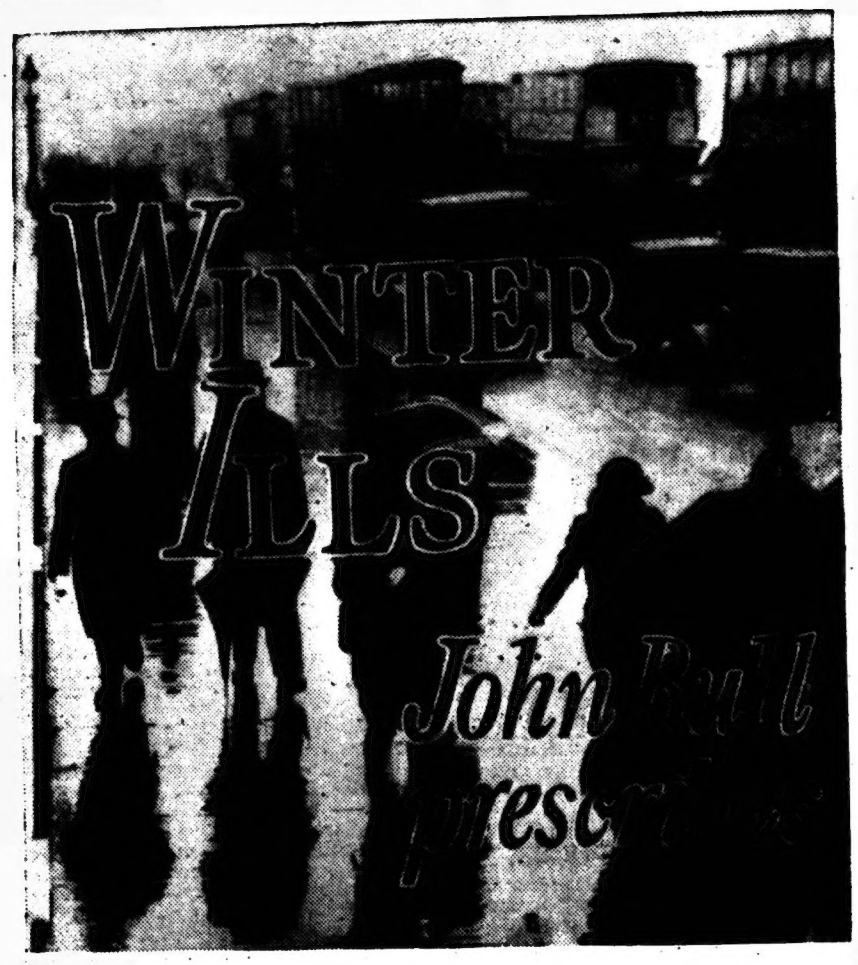
If ordered by C.O.D. add 4d.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

..... J.B. 1/10/32.


UGH! Damp days, rainy days, foggy days are coming. Can you look to JOHN BULL for help if sickness should enter your home this winter?

A registered reader, Mr. Bilham, of 2, Tennyson Avenue, York, writes as follows:—

> "I wish to thank you on behalf of my wife for the cheque received last Friday. It was a godsend to her, as she has had three weeks in hospital and I was off work ill.
>
> "We have four small children, so you will see how thankful we are to be registered with JOHN BULL."

How thankful you will be, too, for the unfailing protection of JOHN BULL'S great Free Insurance, should you fall victim to any of the sicknesses for which benefit is provided, or if accident, fire, storm, or flood should bring distress and disaster to your family and home. Think what a cheque would mean to you then.

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance is still the most practical and beneficial of all, and JOHN BULL is still the only paper to pay Flood and Storm benefits as it is to cover readers against fire damage.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident! Dangers that everyone must face! Are you safeguarded? Have you registered against a rainy day? If not fill in the forms below at once!

**FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT—"John Bull" covers you FREE**

CUT HERE

**JOHN BULL**

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

**PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 1/10/32

CUT HERE

**Post this Coupon to**

**"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

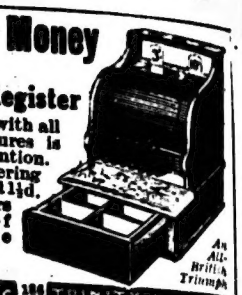
..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 1/10 32

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib, Pocket clip 3d. extra.
Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
VALUE 3D
CASH THE COUPONS
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

**Mind your Money with a Monarch Cash Register**

Our latest model with all up-to-date features is worth your attention. Six sizes registering 3/11½d. to £3/19/11½d. Send for particulars and details of easy purchase terms.

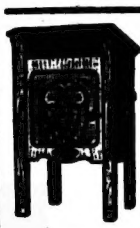



CLEDHILLS 186 TRINITY WORKS HALIFAX

**PETER PAN CORN CAPS 9D FOR 6**

FOR CERTAIN RELIEF USE

*A. de St. Dalmas & Co., Ltd., Leicester.*



**GRAVES GRAMOPHONE**

In lovely Oak-finished cabinet, as illustrated, 31 x 17½ x 39½in. fitted with worm drive motor, extra large internal sound horn, and super-sensitive reproducer. Complete with 40 brilliant selections (20 full size double records) £3.12.6. Terms: 7/6 now and 7/6 monthly. CATALOGUE POST FREE. Portables, Tables & Pedestals. Keenest prices, easy terms.

7/6 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

**Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE**

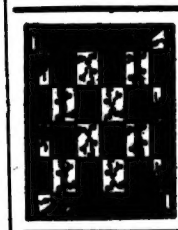
Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. Get it Now. (Prescription No. 1108/T). Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/-

*Privately packed and post free at these prices from*

**Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,**

(Dept. J.B. 32), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.



**CARPET SQUARES**

Rugs, Cork Lino, and Congoleum Squares, etc., in loveliest artistic patterns and colour harmonies, direct from Graves Warehouses at money-saving prices. Delivered Carriage Paid for a small deposit with order. Balance in monthly payments. Write for handsome illustrated catalogue post free, showing all kinds of floor coverings, in actual colours at Bargain Prices and on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

**SKIN DISEASES**

***Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.***

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly and the most effective treatment ever devised.

***Send for Free Sample***

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.


**Huge Prize won outright in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 181.**

*The only correct solution in this contest was received from:—*

**M. Mosklson,**
**Jenkin Lodge,**
**Bexbury, Yorks,**

*who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 30s. a week for life and £30 yearly on his birthday anniversary—or £750 cash.*

*Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 11th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."*

*No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 41 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 8s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. As announced, an extra £100 will be divided between the Runners-up from whom two sixpenny coupons were received in the same envelope.*

**BONUS WINNERS IN CROSS-WORD NO. 179: The extra £100 Bonus offered in this contest has been divided between 26 entrants and payments of £3 17s. each are being despatched accordingly.**

**A Huge Life Pension X-Word of £3 a week or 3,000 Guineas Cash, with £100 to be divided between the runners-up and £100 between runners-up who send two 6d. entries in the same envelope appears on Page 32. Try your skill now!**

# LIFE PENSION, FINE CHEQUE AND RADIO-GRAM FOR A 'BULLET'

**20/- EVERY SATURDAY AS LONG AS YOU LIVE and £500 Cash and 32 GUINEA RADIO GRAMOPHONE**

**This week only** ENTER BY SAT, OCT 8

WONDERFUL WIRELESS RECEPTION or superb reproduction of Gramophone Records is assured with this luxurious "Edison Bell" All-Electric Radio Gramophone in polished walnut—the biggest boon any home could have in the coming winter evenings.

SECOND PRIZE £50

OTHER PRIZES 10 of £5, 10 of £2/10, 50 of 10/-, 500 of 2/6, 2,000 SPECIAL 'RED SEAL' TARGETS, 8,000 TARGET PRIZES

THIRD PRIZE £25

IF FIRST PRIZE-WINNER PREFERS ONE LUMP SUM, JOHN BULL WILL PAY £850 CASH

## ONE WEEK TO WIN HUGE THREE-IN-ONE PRIZE!

A LIFE Pension from JOHN BULL of 20s. a week, a cheque for £500 and a 32-Guinea Radio Gramophone—this is the staggering three-fold award which is within your reach to-day.

Why shouldn't the postman bring 20s. to *your* home every Saturday for the rest of your life? Why shouldn't *your* name appear on that £500 cheque? Why shouldn't *your* home be flooded with entertainment from half the broadcasting stations of Europe?

To make a ***Bullet*** you have only to compress any idea which occurs to you into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS, added fittingly to any of the *Examples* below, and you have completed a ***Bullet***.

Thus, were you to select the *Example* TIME TO KILL, the added words KILLED HIM, AFTER TIME, would make a ***Bullet***.

It will pay you to study these successful ***Bullets*** from a recent prize-list, any of which you might have constructed yourself:

WITH A LONG FACE—SPECTATOR—LANCASHIRE v. *Lancashire.*
SHE DEMANDS—"CAKE," BUT WON'T COOK.
HEAVY TASK—TRUDGING ROUND, SEEKING "TREADMILL."
WHEN THE PUB CAUGHT FIRE—"HARES" SPEEDING *To* "GREYHOUND."

You are now ready to start on your own efforts, so get busy at once and make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, October 8.

## "EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 867

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ALL THE WORLD WANTS | AN OPENING | SOLEMNLY |
| ACCEPTING THE CHALLENGE | HE PREFERS | ALWAYS READY |
| WORDS—WORDS—WORDS | SELFISH WOMAN | EQUALLY IMPORTANT |
| THE COOK'S GONE AND | UNJUSTIFIED | IN DIFFICULTIES |
| BEFORE WIRELESS CAME | RAISING THE PRICE | MAN WHO GETS ON |
| WHEN COUNSEL'S FINISHED | READY FOR WINTER | THE PLODDER |
| SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, BUT | WE WONDER WHEN | TIME TO KILL |
| CLOAK OF RESPECTABILITY | TANGLED SKEIN | NAUGHTY CHILD |
| PIECE OF ORANGE-PEEL | JUST LIKE HER | SHIVERING |
| ON THE FRONT PAGE | RESERVED | ARE WE ALL ASLEEP? |
| BEST OF THE BUNCH | | FIREWORKS |

## SECURE THIS PRIZE EVERY THURSDAY

IT was in the autumn of 1928 that the first seeds of *Bullets Bulletin* were sown—and in January of 1929 we blossomed out with the first issue.

We felt confident that if we could produce a bright and helpful little weekly for free presentation each Thursday to *Bullets* enthusiasts, cramming its columns with practical advice, stimulating suggestions and Long Acre enthusiasm, its success would be assured.

### PROFITABLE AMUSEMENT

We were not wrong. But there are still hundreds of "Bulleteers" who have yet to arrange for this free weekly help to be delivered by the postman each Thursday. And there are thousands of JOHN BULL readers not yet "Bulleteers" who would find its cheery columns a refreshing change from ordinary newspapers. Why? Because *Bullets Bulletin* not only entertains you—*it shows you how to entertain yourself and get paid for your hours of amusement.*

Well over fifty big First Prize-winners have paid a tribute to its aid—and fifty big First Prize-winners cannot be wrong.

If you have yet to make sure of this "prize" every Thursday, this is certainly the ideal moment to do so.

### RESERVE YOUR COPY

We shall shortly despatch to every registered reader of *Bullets Bulletin* the special Souvenir Edition which has been prepared to mark the occasion of *Bullets Twentieth Birthday*, containing an invaluable collection of *Bullets* which have won over £70,000 in prizes, an article by Sir Wyndham Childs on how *Bullets* are judged, a straight-from-the-shoulder talk by the winner of the biggest prize yet awarded and other absorbing features.

Such guidance as this with your *Bullets* for next week's staggering Birthday Prize of £12 a Week for Life or £5,000 will be absolutely invaluable.

But our supplies of this free *Bullets Bulletin* are limited. Unless we receive your reservation on the coupon below not later than Tuesday, October 18, you will miss your copy of the finest issue ever published. Post it *to-night* and make sure!

**USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"**

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

*Do not send this coupon with your "Bullets" entry*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

Example.....
Bullet.....

Example.....
Bullet.....

(867) P.O. No.....
Closing SAT. Oct 8
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed.....
Address.....

Example.....
Bullet.....

Example.....
Bullet.....

(867) P.O. No.....
Closing SAT. Oct 8
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed.....
Address.....

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example.....
Bullet.....

Example.....
Bullet.....

(867) P.O. No.....
Closing SAT. Oct. 8
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed.....
Address.....

Example.....
Bullet.....

Example.....
Bullet.....

(867) P.O. No.....
Closing SAT. Oct. 8
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed.....
Address.....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

**Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 867, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)**

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in No. 867 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £770 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 863 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. C. Buckmaster, Colwick Post Office, Nottingham.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

The result of Competition No. 864 will appear in our next issue, on sale Thursday, October 6.

£12 A WEEK FOR LIFE or £5,000 CASH NEXT WEEK'S RECORD 20th BIRTHDAY PRIZE

# INSIDE EVERY COPY OF THE 'PICTUREGOER' JUST OUT

A SUPERB 24-PAGE ART PORTFOLIO "Great Lovers of the Screen" FREE

FREE ENTRY FORM FOR £7,500 FILM STAR CONTEST

*Inside every copy of the "Picturegoer," out to-day, are three thrilling and magnificent surprises that no reader of "John Bull" should miss.*

**The first — presented ENTIRELY FREE—is a superb 24-PAGE ART PORTFOLIO with a cover in brilliant colours containing gorgeous full-page art photographs of "The Great Lovers of the Screen." Here, superbly portrayed in rich velvety photogravure, are the fascinating, captivating heroes and heroines of filmland who have thrilled the hearts of millions.**

**In this issue of the "Picturegoer" appears also an entry form for the sensational entirely new Film Star Contest in which the staggering sum of £7,500 is offered FREE.**

**Another splendid surprise offer appearing in this issue gives every reader the opportunity to secure a magnificent set of four superb glossy studio portraits in postcard size, value 1/-, of four of filmland's greatest personalities.**

**The demand for the "Picturegoer" now on sale is colossal. Your newsagent is selling out fast—now—at this very minute! Hurry and get your copy before it is too late!**

# PICTUREGOER

**ALL PHOTOGRAVURE—TWOPENCE WEEKLY**

***JUST OUT!***

***Listen!*** **Next week and the week after there will be further astounding "Picturegoer" presentation surprises. Unless your newsagent has an order to deliver, you may be unable to obtain a copy. Get the "Picturegoer" now on sale at once—and in order to make sure of your copies place a standing order with your newsagent to-day.**

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